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AN ALTERNATIVE: EARTH PEOPLE'S PARK

by CHRISTOPHER MCDERMOTT

LA FREEP/UPS - Since the People's Park in Berkeley and the great Woodstock Nation, every head party or gathering has heard exciting rumors about the next gathering of the earth tribes. "When are we getting together again?" many have asked. But others have asked that we stop the Altamonts and the big name band shucks. On Dec. 20-21 in San Francisco at the Committee theatre, several hundred of the most active heads and movement people across America assembled to discuss and work on these very questions.

As the meeting began it was clear what the people wanted was a permanent, commonly-owned, earth site, free of pollution and property hassles. They wanted something more than a safe site to hold mass-

ive rock festivals. They seemed to want a place free of environmental hang-ups where peoples of the earth could meet and work together building a new People's Park, Woodstock, Haight-Ashbury. But the new place, they continually emphasized, must be free of Tac squads, ego trips, violence freaks, pollution, exploitation, housing problems and poverty.

"There is a high energy concentration here," remarked David Crosby on the first day of the meeting. "The Earth People's Park is already happening, it's in the streets right now, the word on this is already out and it's our job to get it together." Crosby, Mama Cass and other rock leaders attending the meeting promised to help raise money and to spread the word about the Earth People's Park through their performances and travels.

But it was interesting that the rock people themselves were among the strongest advocates of the idea that a permanent living site, not just a weekend rock festival haven, must be established.

Each person attending the meeting had some special knowledge or interest to contribute. It was, in effect, a miniature Earth People's Park with all people offering their skills and thinking and energy. Lawyers, head shop owners, doctors, underground editors and writers, organizers of Woodstock, urban planners, ecologists, architects, filmmakers, poets, Indians, and many people from functioning communes throughout America all volunteered their energies in hopes of beginning a new movement in the history of civilization.

Ever since civilization got lighter than itself with the wheel, the floating ship,

the locomotive, the flight, a definite direction has been Westward. Mesopotamia westward we reached to new adventures for new identities. The next Frontier was always over the next hill or across a new body of water. However, by 1960 the movement of Civilization had fully stopped at the Pacific Ocean. Now, unfortunately, we only sent our devastating exploitation Westward. President Kennedy apparently sensed this and called for the New Frontiers, a concept in which people would reach out toward each other in such things as the Peace Corps. But while this was happening another kind of frontier was being discovered right at the point where civilization's movement stopped at the Pacific.

It was San Francisco and the beat
cont. on pg. 4

WHERE WE'RE AT

(A PARTIAL LIST)

HI-FI RECORD SHOP
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St. Paul and 25th Streets

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PARK AVENUE PHARMACY
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211 W. Mulberry St.

KRACKERJACKS
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SPEED FACTORY
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Glen Burnie

MOUNT WASHINGTON
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
1600 Kelly Ave.

BEDLAM
519 N. Charles St.

VITAL FUNCTIONS
1328 Reisterstown Road
(in the Alley Shops)
Pikesville

BUM STEER
224 W. Read St.
502 E. 33rd St.

SEED OF DISCOVERY COFFEE HOUSE
25th and Guilford

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER
243 W. Read St.

HANG - UPS
9114 Liberty Road

SOMETHING ELSE
6055 Falls Road

MANY THANKS TO ALL THE
PEOPLE AT THE BLUESETTE
WITHOUT WHOM WE WOULD
BE BANKRUPT

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LETTERS

Dear HARRY:

Why are people so hung up over clothing? Does a person's views about life, God, sex, love or anything change when he is stripped of his clothes? It is true that clothing is a label for some people, but these people are so plastic you can see right thru them. I am sitting here just disgusted over the attitudes of some of today's middle - aged society individuals. The reason for this is certain incidents that completely turn me off as to the intelligence of these people. For some specific examples: I revisited my old high school for the first time since I graduated, yesterday, and almost got thrown out on my ass because of my clothes, I have also gotten kicked out of my own house and out of restaurants because of my attire. This is completely and utterly ridiculous!! Did I start a fire and burn down the high school? No. Are the police questioning my parents everyday as to my whereabouts and my actions? No. Do I incite riots when I walk into a restaurant? No. Then, what gives these cynical, irate crumb the right to put me down? I am doing no wrong. Why can't people look past a person's clothing into his mind? I am and will not change for anyone. Because if I did I would be violating a constitutional right. The right to achieve life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is making yourself into what you'd like to be. I find that sometimes this goal is hard to reach but I'll never stop pursuing it no matter what the middle - aged society puts in my path.

With love,
Debbie Baxter

Dear Editor,
MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
Greta

Dear HARRY,

Did you know that policemen are our friends? They love us so much that they would do anything in their power to stop us from smoking that horrid stuff known as pot, and stop us from seeing and thinking beautiful things when we are tripping, etc. To show how much they love us, they search our pockets and pocketbooks at rock concerts, for that terrible dope. Now policemen are showing their intense passionate love for us by invading our homes to search for such things that would get us sent away to jail for many, many years. It's funny to note the many different types of love there are. Policemen certainly have a funny way of expressing their feelings. But no matter how deep their intentions or how hard their efforts, heads will continue to live forever. They may be a bit more cautious now, but irritating obstacles such as policemen are just sand and pebbles in the path of a bit steam roller. They can be ironed out. Since the heat love us so much, it will be interesting to note what they give us for Valentines Day.

Dear HARRY, Mike, Mike, Lennie, Sandy, Rosemary, Delphine, Jolly, Li, Jim, Elliott, Natalie, Terri, Karen, Dave, Glenn, Jack, Dale, Gretta, and Jesus the Cat,

Have a nice day.

Love,
Bette



4-F CLASSIFIED 1-Y

SALE - All kinds of shit - antiques, linen, rugs, bed, desk, new medium-sized refrigerator, clothes, etc. 2751 Maryland Ave. 10:00am to 10:00pm. 235 - 0240

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When Kathy is in No Fish, talk to her.

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A HAVEN FROM THE STORM

by MICHAEL HUNT

*Oh, the come down is a bringdown,
It's just not the kind of thng you want
hangin' around...*

— Sopwith Camel

...And coming down in Baltimore can be straight out of H.P. Lovecraft. So learned Ron Smith and Dan Reaser as they wandered through Mt. Vernon Sq. Park at four in the morning.

"Man, we gotta find a place to crash."

"And a gig."

"And some bread."

"What are we gonna do? Those places won't hire people with hair like this."
"Yea, did you see 'em all yesterday? There musta been 50 or 60 kids hangin' out in the park."

"Nothin' to do. Nowhere to go."

"And the pigs ain't much help. All they seem to know about is Juvenile Hall and Jail."

"Yea, there's this fourteen year old chick; she runs away from home where she can't relate, comes here and hangs out for a while, ends up getting busted and sent to Montrose to be taken care of by fascist bull dykes, and learns how to be a real criminal."

"Such a drag. But what can ya do?"

"Hey, dig man, I gotta idea. Let's find some place to rap."

And so the two, crashing from some acid that had more than its share of speed in it, found some steps to sit on and began creating what may turn out to be a giant jump in Baltimore's "hip" evolution. The conversation happened in October '69. Now it's February '70, and let's see what their "come down" wrought.

The twosome went to the churches in the Mt. Vernon area and talked with the various ministers about Mt. Vernon Sq. Park and the "Degenerates" infesting the sunshine and grassy wastelands there. They warned of the growth of the situation. The ministers agreed that the church had all but given up trying to relate to the problems. The kids have got no use for a dirty old man in the sky ready to shit on them at the drop of a sin. Ron and Dan proceeded to show the clergy how the disciplinary strategy of the government is only worsening the problems.

"Christ, every time they haul one

away, two more show up in his place."

So the ministers and the "longhairs" sat down to about four months of regular meetings at the central YMCA with the police force and city officials invited and occasionally showing up.

"What do you do about the run-aways?"

"Give them a place to run to. A home... like Huckleberry House out in San Francisco, where they can stay without fear of getting busted or 'turned over to the authorities.' A place where they can sort out their heads, stand on their own feet, and discuss sensibly with their parents the reasons they split. You know, north Baltimore is going to see some sorry homefronts when the weather warms up. Those kids are really getting uptight by all the control their parents & the state put on them. They're torn between the 19th century moralities they're handed and the changes that the 20th century is providing and "preparing them for." They don't know what to do and all too many of them consider suicide as their only answer! I know, I talk with them often."

"And what about the drugs?"

"Most of these people take heavy dope 'cause there's nothing better to do than sit around and watch the movie that the chemicals and their illusions and imaginations create. They come here and score 'bad street dope' — acid full of strychnine, speed, smack with more talcum powder than a baby's ass, seventeen different kinds of animal tranquilizers labeled T.H.C. And so what? Who really cares? A society that offers prison as an alternative to a nine to five gig and a house and two car garage in the suburbs just like the one they're running away from? Many of these kids are really very creative artists and craftsmen with no place to build or display their wares, and no will to produce for a society in which they have become niggers. That's right, twelve to twenty-two year old, white, middle class niggers — saying "we don't need you" to a potbellied silent majority who choose to remain silent, or at best reiterate garbage from *Reader's Digest*, Huntley-Brinkley, and others of that ilk. Give the kids a place to go to grow and put their thing

together and they'll show you production that will blow your mind. Or maybe you're afraid that they really do have some of the answers?"

"What else do you propose?"

"What about a free health clinic where people can get factual information about V.D., drugs, birth control, etc., or counseling without fear of prosecution? These kids get strung out on dope and stay that way until they either wind up dead or get "a little help from their friends." But they ain't going to no doctor who's required to send their medical charts to the cops."

"And how about legal aid, suicide prevention, switchboard referral services, assistance in finding meaningful employment housing and referral to absorb many of the 'sleazy' conditions young people are currently forced into, educational and vocational assistance for people who really want to learn and are sick of the disciplinary detention institutions called high schools — where the length of a skirt is more important than the extent of the imagination, or even a nursery. There's a chick with a baby and she's on welfare. She's perfectly capable of working and even wants to. But she can't take her child with her, and to hire a baby sitter would defeat the entire purpose of her working. She'd have to pay the babysitter half of everything she earned, welfare offers a better deal. The possibilities of a community services center are limitless."

And so it evolves. Two broke, tired, hungry, crashing hippies and a flock??? of ministers gave birth to the "Fellowship of Lights," an organization devoted to solving our problems our way.

Some doctors, lawyers, counselors, and other concerned individuals and organizations have already volunteered their services and assistance. The Y.M.C.A. has provided space for meeting for the past four months, provided jobs and helped put the "Fellowship of Lights" together. Buildings are needed to house these projects, funds are needed to maintain them, and your interest and involvement is needed to help make them grow.

The above is only part of the problems and part of the solutions. Two freaks and a bunch of preachers can't have all the answers. So now they've come to you. They've called a public meeting to be held February 7 in Room 200 at the central Y.M.C.A. at 8pm. If you have anything to offer — material, services, suggestions, or even just interest, get your ass down there. Baltimore has acquired a reputation for sincere apathy. Why don't you help change it.

Your move.

RX For The People

by GRETA

Everyone knows that hospital emergency rooms and clinics are currently horribly overcrowded. Patients are shuffled around like cattle, and often the medical and clerical personnel are indifferent to the real human needs of the individual. Private doctors are unable or unwilling to make the needed house calls. The entire medical system in this country is sick; it must alter its priorities.

Several months ago, suffering from an infected and festering ankle, I went up to Union Memorial Hospital to the emergency room for treatment. The first noticeable thing on the registration desk was a huge sign, "\$20.00 Fee for Emergency Room Treatment, to be paid before being seen." Being very poor, I nearly left unseen. A friend of mine, suffering from pains in his knees, went to a specialist to be examined, and the specialist, after letting him wait for nearly two hours, charged him \$40.00, after condescendingly informing him that his problem was that he was knock-kneed. And this type of treatment reoccurs frequently.

But what happens to the thousands of needy people in the city who do not quite qualify for medical care and must pay staggering medical bills? And what about the not quite so poor for whom \$40 is also nothing to laugh at?

At the end of last summer, the Baltimore Defense Committee, sitting around rapping about upcoming demonstrations, came up with the idea of starting a "peoples' Free Medical Clinic." Simultaneously, the Baltimore Chapter of the Black Panther Party was getting ready to start a similar clinic, as the Panthers have already established in Philadelphia, New York, L.A., Chicago, and the Bay Area. BDC and the Panthers got together and hope to have their clinic operating in Baltimore as soon as possible, hopefully, March, 1970.

This clinic, to be located in southwest Baltimore, will be completely disassociated from the city's hospitals. It will be housed in the Franklin Square area, on the edge of a racially mixed and very fucked-up community. This area has a high rate of narcotics (heroin) use, many alienated young kids, some racial tension, slum housing, all kinds of health problems, and is desperately in need of help. The hospitals in the area are not able to cope with the demands of the people.

The clinic is to operate on a 24-hour basis, and will attempt to meet the needs of the whole person. If, for example, a person is suffering from malnutrition, he will not be treated as purely a medical problem, but he will be fed as well, and all attempts will be made to see to it that in the future he has a continuing source of food. By being part of the community which controls the clinic, his sense of dignity will be elevated. This is important in an indifferent society which allows people no sense of dignity or worth as individuals. The Black Panther Party and BDC state that their purpose is not to attempt to suddenly solve all the medical needs of the community, nor will they be able to offer the comprehensive care available in most hospitals, but they feel that they can and will meet many of the needs of the people that existing medical institutions are unable or unwilling to meet.

Other objectives of the clinic are that the kids of the neighborhood will use the place to come to rap about their scene and that it will serve as a common meeting ground to combat the problems of racism, in that all people are urged to participate in decision making and control. It will also house a community information center, and groups such as Welfare Rights Coalition, Women's Lib-

cont. on p. 5



EARTH PEOPLE'S PARK

cont. from pg. 1

movement was turning under the influence of the religious inner experience of Zen and other religions of the East. It is more appropriate that the outwardly West would meet the inwardly East in San Francisco.

Once again civilization got lighter than itself as it moved on Haight-Ashbury into environmental experiences both with visual perception and inner conceptions. But what was stunning the people involved was the impact of thousands of people getting together. It was a very sensitizing experience for us and the nation. What is more important is that we all realized that the more we got together (not just in number) the more we understood about ourselves. Thus, the Earth People's Park is really a natural outcome of what we have been discovering as the civilization moves inward and environmental.

Earth People's Park is obviously not just a unique rock festival concept — it is an attempt to make a beachhead for a new order of civilization.

Each of us is aware of the crisis we all share. The entire planet and specifically the consuming, wasting, worrying population of the United States, is freaking and sinking into a time of turbulence that makes the real need for survival as increasingly important as it continues to appear less likely. Our record is not a good one: Increasing poisoning and pollution of air, water, soil and food; increasing population growth and decreasing resources to support it.

Just as the need for joint, cooperative efforts increase, so do social divisions widen and subsequent fear and violence increase. Out of this chaos comes the classic apocalyptic cry for instant violent social revolution.

The picture is agonizing, and the storm of change threatens anyone who would plant a fresh seed in its midst. But now is the time, when people are preferring to come together for joy and peace rather than the traditional war and murder, that we must pool all of our resources to build a permanent place where life and environment are sacred.

Woodstock was a moment in history. Earth People's Park can be the foothold for the cultural and ecological development of that moment, a permanent home for those of us concerned with living and growth.

Earth People's Park grew from an idea which took many forms in many places simultaneously. Essentially it was the idea of using the fantastic power and profits of rock music to free a piece of the planet.

The Park will be located, most likely, in the Southwest as it is ecologically the least contaminated. Several sites are being

studied right now in Arizona and New Mexico. Wherever it will be the most important factor is going to be its livability. Certain areas in the Southwest can turn three crops a year, grow fruits and graze cattle while doing little damage to the land's ecology. The Park size is going to be somewhere between 50,000 and 100,000 acres.

The people now working on the Earth People's Park are harshly realistic. They are veterans of movements in San Francisco, Chicago, Alamogordo, Washington, Woodstock, Mississippi and they know how easily a dream can be shattered or ripped off.

Earth People's Park is the name given to an idea and to an act of faith. The idea of faith is the will to believe that in an environment not sectioned off by nations, property, words, and political sectarianism, people can live together in peace and harmony.

This Park, this nationless piece of Earth in a sectioned-off world, will be freed by the collective efforts of people inspired to participate in this creation of a real alternative.

Once the land is freed and the fences are removed, a great Earth Warming will take place. It will have the form of a cultural/ecological World's Fair except that all forms of pollutants will not be allowed. It was the consensus in San Francisco that automobiles with combustion engines will not be allowed on the Park. Only organic planning will be used in constructing the City and the farms. The great Earth Warming will be the product of organic planning. It will have music, as music is our common tongue, but it will not have rock stars becoming our generation's John Wayne or Frank Sinatra. The people must be the Earth Warming and so it will probably be designed not as a watch-and-listen rock festival but as a participatory celebration of the earth.

After the Earth Warming (which may occur this summer), those who choose to make the land their home will remain.

The Park will be financed by the people who belong to it. It was decided to ask all those who were at Woodstock whether person or in spirit to donate one dollar, more or less. But the Park will need more than just your dollar; it will also need your talent and energy. For instance, there is a likelihood that Organic Planning will require that adobe houses be built and knowledge will be sought on how to electrically wire an adobe house. Assume you are a sixteen-year-old student who has not learned very many skills. Just how can you help? You simply look around and get your electrician Uncle or Father to teach you how to do it. It is that kind of learned knowledge that will make the Park a great Earth effort.

The land will be acquired and protected by a legally-constituted non-profit corporation whose function will be to receive all hassles. The corporation will exercise no control over the land or its inhabitants. It will have no power to sell or rent the land, or to tax or police the people.

The greatest idea of the Earth People's Park is that access to the land will be denied to no one. The topic of what balance between control and freedom best serves a community is most easily determined by the nature and consciousness of that community.

But the Earth People's Park is not to be a sanctuary or a hiding place in which we avoid the outside world and its many problems. The park will be the outside world because the people in it will create an environment that will alter history. The Park will employ Organic Planning and will speak to the world.

Once the land is chosen, qualified environmentalists, organic planners, and ecologists will pre-establish organic pat-

terns of life through cultivation, construction, etc., before the land is inhabited. They can provide information and education as to which areas are best suited for farming, the city, grazing, housing, etc., and which portions of the land would be best left alone for watershed, walks, solitude, lakes.

Civilization has suffered over a thousand centuries all kinds of inhumane conflicts have almost always been the direct result of the myth that there is not enough to go around. Scientists, ecologists and humanists today have told us that such a myth is a lie and that Earth's resources, if organically planned well, could easily feed the starving and also relax those whose hunger is power.

Earth People's Park is being designed by the people, not the landlords or kings, and it will be living proof that there is enough to go around.

Are we finished accepting these myths and lies of scarcity? Have we had it with the planetary niff? Are we ready to try something else? The consensus in the San Francisco meeting was that we are ready to try something else and that this time we have the talent to create a piece of the world sensitive to both man and Earth. We know there is enough to go around.

Earth People's Park is the creation of a new precedent, the offering of a real alternative for a great many people who may be bogged down and dissatisfied with their present life style.

The birth of Earth People's Park, the freeing of a piece of Mother Earth can provide inspiration for others to free their piece of the cosmos. It may inspire lawyers and judges to free their courts, scientists to free their students, or citizens to free their lives.

We all might begin by freeing our thoughts and energies now to consider what we can create or contribute for this great adventure of civilization.



FREE YOU

The Baltimore Free University is an independent experimental school whose basic principles are that anyone may take a course, anyone may teach a course, and there are no restrictions on subject matter.

On Sunday, February 8, at 7:30 P.M., in Levering Hall on the Johns Hopkins campus, a registration session will be held. At this session, prospective students will have a chance to meet prospective teachers before signing up for courses.

Additional courses not yet listed will be added before registration, including, reportedly, a course in the pharmacology of dope. If you would like to teach a course, call 366-3586.

Astrology: Transformations of Consciousness
Babaji's Kriya Yoga
Discovering the Tarot
ESP Development

Introduction to Esoteric Buddhism
Introduction to Esoteric Science
Introduction to the Qabalah
Introduction to Symbolology
Medicine in the Bible
Principles of Unification
School of Living
The Life and Teachings of Avatar Meher Baba
The Light of the New Age
Communism: a New Critique
The History of the Class Struggle
Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" and the Nature of Poetic Meaning
Hand Weaving
Introduction to Modern China
Problems and Resolutions in Individual Enlightenment
Topics in Philosophy, Psychology, and Logic of the 20th Century
William Blake

Mr. Brad Parker	Monday 9pm to 10pm
Miss Marilyn Sperling	Monday 8pm
Mr. Bennet Hoffman	Saturday 2pm to 3pm
Rev. Joseph Russell	Tuesday 8 to 10pm, Monday 7 to 9pm
Mr. Melvin Hess	Thursday 9 to 10pm
Mr. John K. Robertson	Thursday 8 to 9pm
Mr. Lee Greiner	Saturday 3 to 4pm
Mr. Robert Hieronimus	Wednesday 8 to 9pm
Dr. Samuel Lewis Fox	Wednesday 9 to 10pm
Miss Hillie Smith	Thursday 8pm
Heathcote members	Tuesday 7pm
Mr. James May	Monday 7pm
Mr. Kenny Lieberman	Monday 8 to 9pm
Mr. Regis Hanna	Tuesday 8pm
Balto. Labor Committee	Thursday 7:30pm
Mr. Kent Murlick	Tuesday 7pm
Miss Ileana Bruhn	Tuesday 7pm
Dr. Olaf Pongs	to be announced
Mr. Steve Pepper	Thursday 9pm
Mr. Louis Romolo Milio	Wednesday 7pm
Richard Trezley	to be announced

Cleric Sees Deserters As Political Refugees

cleric sees army deserters as U.S. political
by H. LAWRENCE LACK

Harrisburg — "The American military deserters in Sweden and other countries are an amazing commentary on what's happened to America. For the first time in history large numbers of Americans are living as political refugees from the United States — the country that grew by opening its doors to those who could not find a place in their own countries."

Rev. Tom Hayes said this as he spoke at Harrisburg's United Church center. Rev. Hayes, an Episcopal minister from Pittsburgh, recently returned from a nine-month stint as "chaplain" and counselor to the American deserter "colony" in Sweden. His Stockholm ministry was supported by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, an antiwar coalition of church groups.

U.S. deserters in Sweden number about 400, he said. Some have been there as long as three years. Most of them deserted bases in Germany, although about 35 came to Sweden from the Vietnam combat theater, usually from Japan or other "Rest and Recreation" locations in Asia.

A large majority were recruits, not draftees, about ten per cent are black, and a very high percentage come from working class backgrounds. For the most part they're from small towns and devout religious families. "Almost all of them are the sons and brothers of the silent majority," he said.

Desertions, repeated AWOL's, and actual organizing GI's against the service is so widespread that "the Pentagon can no longer clamp down on it successfully," Hayes claimed.

"The deserter population in Sweden is tiny compared to that in Canada — probably about 5,000 to 10,000 at present and growing at a fantastic rate ever since Canada officially declared deserters to be acceptable immigrants last May.

"The Pentagon itself admitted in a press release last September that about 23,000 GI's are "underground" in the

U.S., and in the same release they projected that the number of desertions in 1970 is expected to total about 70,000. Another Pentagon source recently told the press that 500 service personnel go AWOL every day and that about one in four of these eventually deserts.

"Desertions and AWOL's, though, are just one kind of expression of the growing mood of resistance inside the military. GI-run antiwar newspapers now number 70, for example. There is repression, of course, on a very serious level. GI coffee houses are being closed down, and the servicemen who put out antiwar papers are being busted and stockaded. Organizers are constantly harassed. Courts martial are working overtime. But they just can't keep up. The situation is really just plain out of control. The word "morale" has become a gag line in the armed services over the years of the Vietnam war. The only time there's ever morale among American GI's in Vietnam is when a unit learns of it's part of the withdrawal.

Hayes reported that very few of the many deserters and AWOL's he has talked to in Sweden and the U.S. had any contact with the peace movement prior to their decision to leave the service. "Although some people think the peace movement is out to subvert the armed services," he said, "actually the services are subverting themselves."

"While the public for the most part still think Mylai is an isolated incident, the line GI knows better — he knows Mylai is the pattern of policy," Hayes went on. "He enters the service convinced that it's the only route to a secure place in society."

"Then he gets the training, and it doesn't take long for him to find out that he's being programmed as a tool to be used in the Vietnam war, nothing more. He learns very quickly from other servicemen who've been to Vietnam what kind of war it is, and it comes clear that he's being asked to conceive of the Vietnam-

ese, in general, as the enemy. He hears it over, and he knows a long time before he gets there he'll be expected to go along with the mentality that says "they're all gooks, they're all Cong.," grandmothers and infants and pregnant women and all."

"The moral ferment inside the services is based on just this knowledge — because every line GI has to rationalize what he's called on to do or rebel against it."

Most deserters leave the service at the point they receive orders for Vietnam, Hayes told his Harrisburg audience. He explained that besides those in Sweden, we know there are three to four underground in other European countries," Hayes noted, adding that in Sweden the deserters can live openly because Swedish laws protect them from extradition to the U.S.

A number of deserters — up to several thousand, Hayes thinks — are on the lam in Vietnam itself. They live with Vietnamese families, mostly in or near Saigon.

As chaplain to the deserters in Sweden, Rev. Hayes had a three-fold mission: To serve as a bridge between deserters and their families in the U.S.; to help the deserters with their adjustment to Swedish life, customs, language, and law; and to assist them with their personal problems.

Hayes presented a brief sketch of life in the Swedish exile colony. Deserters get about \$160 a month from the Swedish government while they study Swedish at a government school after they are settled.

Following this, they are usually required to support themselves by working. About 30 deserters are enrolled in Swedish universities and more in the "Volk" high schools or adult education centers. Almost all those not in school hold steady jobs, mostly as laborers, though a few are teaching or otherwise working as professionals, the minister said.

Most of the guys have given up on any definite plans for returning to the states," Hayes told a questioner. "They see the need to establish themselves in Sweden, not to hope for miracles. The U.S. government tried hard back in 1968 to induce

them to come home, but the two guys who did got hit with such heavy sentences — and one didn't even get a discharge — that no one else has responded to the appeals of the military or the embassy here in Stockholm."

"Still, almost none of them intend to become Swedish citizens. They see themselves — to a man — as very definitely Americans-in-exile, and they've adjusted to the impermanence of that status, applying only for "permanent resident" papers. The present is what's important to them and they concentrate on the chance they have to salvage their hopes and build new lives. As to the future, their attitude is one of "wait and see."

Hayes does not plan to return to Sweden in the near future. "I'm proud to say I more or less worked myself out of a job," he said. "The Swedish colony is solidly on its feet now and able to handle its own problems well with the help of the Swedes. The guys who've been there for a while are in a position to help the new arrivals, who come at a rate of about 25 a month, and Clergy and Laymen has no plans at present to reactivate a Swedish ministry."

"With all the talk — mostly empty so far — about troop withdrawals, the deserters consider themselves America's first troops withdrawal," Rev. Hayes concluded. "And they're proud of it. I've never met a deserter who regretted his action in deserting."

RX...

cont. from p. 3

eration, BDC, PAC, and the Panthers will disseminate material. Further plans include a possible housing and legal aid service, as well as a day care center in the next door church for women working at the clinic and information centers, and the rest will be available for living and meeting areas.

Mary Moylan, a nurse who will be working in the clinic, said some of their objectives are providing the clinic with abortion, prenatal and childbirth education.

Chaka Masai, Minister of Information of Baltimore's Black Panther Party, gives the Panther's point of view, that it is now time to move away from the hypocritical methods of the medical industry and time to meet the basic medical desires and needs of the people. The medical clinic is to be based on the idea, that the medical profession must be used in the community itself. The Panthers do not endorse abortion, prenatal care and birth control, and believe that the women who come into the clinic for this information should receive both sides of the story. The viewpoint of the Panthers is that all forms of birth control are governmentally sponsored forms of systematic genocide. Further, the community itself must be mobilized as well as members of the medical profession.

As far as staff is concerned, doctors, nurses, and just plain people are needed to work — not for pay, but simply in the knowledge that they are serving the people.

SUPPORT IS NEEDED IN ALL AREAS. The clinic needs legal drugs, supplies and medical equipment, food and clothing, people to work, furniture, doctors and nurses, and money for bills. Initial costs for rent, utilities and renovation are very high. At least \$4,000 is needed, of which about \$700 has been collected.

All this, however, is predicted on the idea that the coalition of BDC and the Panthers will hold together. Unfortunately, at this point, mutual suspicion and recriminations abound. In addition to the conflict on the birth control question, the Panthers feel that BDC has not achieved a sufficiently advanced level of revolutionary consciousness. Roughly translated, this means that they're all talk and no action.

G.I.'s United

In a meeting last Thursday, Baltimore GIs United Against the War in Vietnam changed its name to simply Baltimore GIs United. This action, which by itself ranks among the less notable news items of the week, is a reflection of the expansion of the group's interest beyond opposition to the Vietnam war to include also the broader question of the individual rights of servicemen.

At the same meeting, Mal Provost was elected chairman of the group.

It was decided also that certain changes in the group's newspaper, *Open Ranks*, would be made to increase its appeal. Plans include the introduction of regular reportage from each of the various military installations in the area, and less use of rhetoric which tends to turn off a lot of potential converts.

Meanwhile, the group is still looking for a sight for their coffee house, which was evicted from St. Rita's Church after one night.

Killer Weed

In the wake of the Mylai massacre, many people have tried to find explanations for the slaughter. Senator Thomas Dodd has an answer.

On January 24, Senator Dodd told the Senate, "I am one of those who think that the massacre at Mylai could have been in part attributable to the use of... marijuana."



SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY...

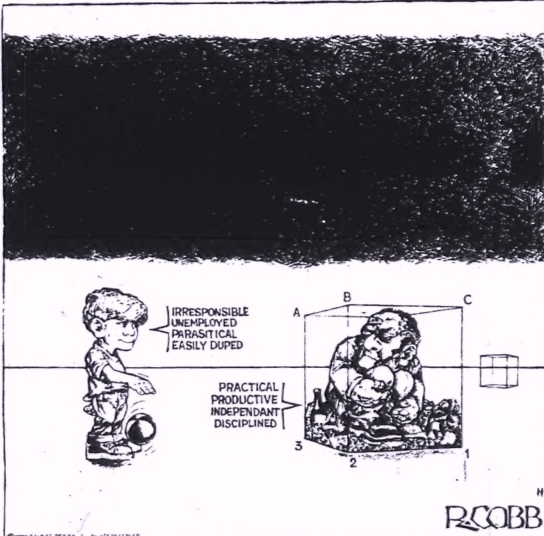
Who was that great American who once said "Freedom isn't free?" It probably was the same guy who said, "My country, right or wrong," and "Your country — love it or leave it." This man obviously never read your Declaration of Independence, your Constitution, et al. This man would tell you you have to earn every speck of freedom you care to enjoy. This man is constantly reminding you and me of our "responsibilities." This man probably has "his own." This man could be wrong.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, it was not only perfectly legal but also quite fashionable to own slaves. The more

ruhs didn't. The niggers didn't either. They still go to all or almost all-black schools. Supreme Court? He didn't win. He's being called a traitor instead. Kirk? No, he didn't win... Supreme Court told him off. Guess who won. Guess. Go ahead, guess.

Nobody won that one. It ain't over yet. And it'll never be over. Cause even after Kirk dies, and even after Supreme Court dies and another Supreme Court replaces him, and even if the Negrohs and the niggers intermarry with whitey... even if all that happens... ain't nobody ever gonna win.

No matter where you go, or what



slaves one owned the better off he was... and the more he was respected. Except, of course, among the slaves. Generally, the slaves were Negroes (Blacks). They were an inferior bunch, anyway: they couldn't read or write, they didn't speak well, and in fact, all they could do was dance nice (and play drums.) Instead of simply casting them off, the White man found it more to his advantage to train them, to make them work for him. They were, you see, mere animals... things of nature to be made use of... pack horses on two legs who could communicate, though barely adequately, it's true.

Then one day, somebody won a war, and the Negrohs were free. The Negrohs were free, the niggers were not.

No longer could they be forced to work on "The Man's" plantation for "slave" wages. No longer would they be forced to wear collars of metal. No longer would they be kept from playing their drums and dancing. At last, they were free. The Negrohs. All they had to do was live the White Man's life. Do the things he liked. But not where he did them, bought them, or liked them. All of a sudden, they were "free, but segregated," "separate, but equal." Not by choice, mind you (not their choice, anyway.)

Then, once upon a time... really not long ago... a Supreme Court told a couple of southerners they'd have to let the Negrohs and niggers alike attend their schools. Their schools. The schools the hard-working, tax-paying, silent majority worked and slaved to build with hard earned, blue collar dollars.

Well, the southerners were furious... and their governors knew it, and Governor Kirk even went back to that Supreme Court and told them to shove it. We ain't letting no Negrohs or niggers go to our schools whether you like it or not. It's the law of the land, and Ah has spoken!

Well, we all know who won. The Neg-

you're doing, there's always going to be someone there with a whip and a metal collar, and they're going to have that whip ready in case you don't want to put on that collar without any help.

And you don't have to be Black, Or young. Or insurgent. All you have to do is be.

I would like to compare you to the former slaves. I can't honestly do that, though, unless you can show me the scars on your back or the empty space where your genitals used to be. But I can draw a parallel.

I don't know where you were before

your birth, but I do know no one asked you if you wanted to come here. You were brought here on the slave ship of your mother's womb. Once you got here, no one asked you what you wanted to do with yourself, because you couldn't talk with anyone. But you could make funny faces and you crawled around on the floor funny. And when you were old enough, you could walk the dog, and take out the garbage, and do the dishes, and all that other stuff. Some of you were lucky enough to have a maid... or two. But even then, you were not free. Okay, you didn't have to do all that menial shit, but you were not free.

Your parents wanted to be nice to you. They wanted to feed you, clothe you, provide a decent education for you. But most often, you ate the food they gave you (You'll eat what's put on your plate.) You wear the clothes they buy you (No son [daughter] of mine is going to go out in public looking like that!) And you take the education they provide for you. (What's this "C" in Penmanship? "But dad, I got "A's" in everything else.") And if you don't do a good job of everything they had planned for you, you get whipped or even castrated.

And so, you have learned to communicate, and you have learned why you should communicate. You communicate in their language, because if you don't you get a whippin' or even worse, you don't get food or clothes.

You...yeah, you...are the "new niggers." You are in bondage. You are not free. Some of you, in all fairness, are no longer niggers. You are Negrohs. You refuse to wear their collars. You eat your own food, wear your own clothes, learn what you want to learn...you are separate but equal. Free, but segregated. In many cases by your own choice, but often by theirs. Maybe you don't care. Maybe someone else does. Maybe you should be free to associate with anybody you want, anywhere you want, when you want, to do what you want, how you want to do it. But you can't, can you? Of course, it isn't up to you to change it — it's up to "them." If they won't, it's up to Mr. Supreme Court. But the old guy isn't what he used to be, so you'll have to keep getting it up the wazoo, until another S. Court comes along which you like better and which likes you. Then, it'll be someone else's turn in the barrel. Someone will always wear the mantle of "new niggers."

There's one thing you can count on. There'll always be niggers, Negrohs, white folks, racists, and all kinds of people. But they may not always be the colors they are now.

The South shall rise again!
But why?

The Seat of Government

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

Annapolis is a freaky little town. It's got all these guys walking around in these blue uniforms and this — this horrible short hair. Far out.

Anyway, I went to the State House because I wanted to watch the Maryland General Assembly. (Well, some people dig zoos too, you know.) I was wearing my shinybritliberal costume — a grey striped suit, shiny blue shirt and a uniformly freaky tie.

At the information desk, a cute but rigid chick was talking on the phone to her boyfriend. She was almost in tears. Seems she couldn't get away early to meet him for lunch. He was obviously angry about it, the bastard. Five minutes later she hung up and directed me to the Senate Chamber. Said the sergeant-at-arms would let me into the press section, maybe.

There was no sergeant at arms — but there was this cadaver masquerading as an old man. He took one look at my hair and said "There's no room down here." He told me there was a gallery upstairs.

The Senate Chamber is really nice — if you're into colonial opulence. The ceiling is extremely high with a gorgeous skylight which covers most of it. The skylight has pretty green designs in it. Verv nice.

The gallery seats were comfortable — blue theatre type. Once you sat down, however, you couldn't see anything. There must be some Radical Political Significance there — sitting near the legislators — hearing their voices — not knowing who is saying what because you can't see them — they can see you, however — all you can see is the gallery on the other side of the room — they can't see anything either — they can see you — but you can't talk to them — you can't sit on the main floor — seeing the votes as they're tallied on the scoreboards on the opposite walls — not being able to see the Senators cast the votes. I'm sure there's something in there a good radical analyst could distribute all night with. I was too busy digging the skylight.

I leaned forward so I could see what was going on, and I found that Frank McCourt was making an impassioned speech on this conflict of interest bill they were debating. I don't know what he said because I came in late (and was busy digging the skylight). He sat down and some other people got up and lied and then they passed the bill.

They talked about some other shit, made some bad jokes and left.

Through all of this, McCourt sat at his desk and looked very calm and serene. His hands folded in his lap. His eyes peaceful behind his rimless glasses. All of this may be pure bullshit too because of what I had read about his Nepalese trip.

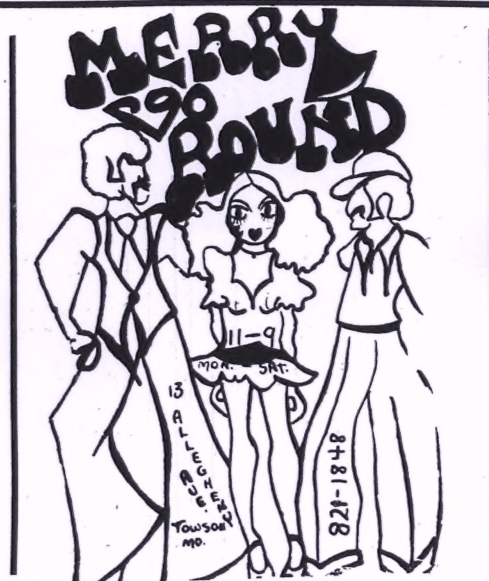
Frank McCourt is under indictment for smuggling a lot of hash into America. He is a Maryland State Senator. OK.

I approached him after the session and asked if he'd agree to an interview for HARRY. He said he'd heard of HARRY. (wow) He asked me what kind of interview would it be. I replied it would be one that would interest our readers. Oh, he said, you want to rap (he said "rap" [wow]) about America, war, and dope. Yeah, and sex, I said. He chuckled.

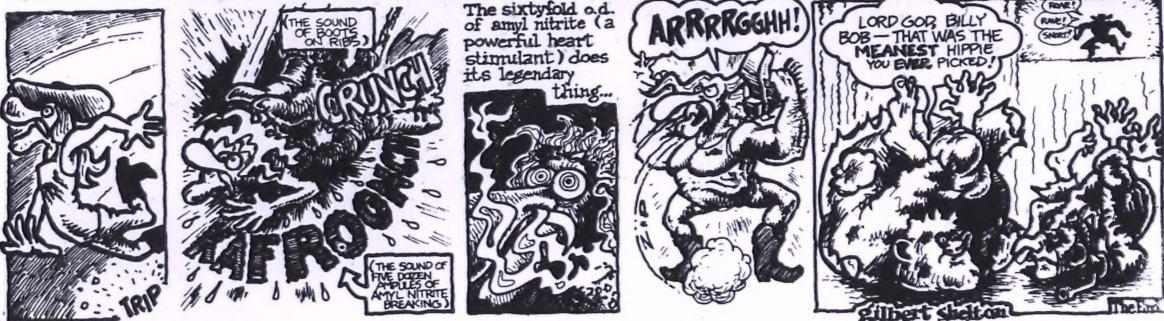
He's not going to give an interview. He tells me that he's been offered \$1,200, \$1,000, and other consideration to tell the story of his journey, his indictment, his trip and his stash. Well, he did offer to buy some tickets to the benefit for HARRY, and he said he would give an interview near election time. Thanks.

The cat's head is hard to find. If he did have a guru in Nepal, if he did have loads of hash with him — what kind of trip is he on being a State Senator?

I only talked to him for ten minutes, how the fuck should I know?



THE FABULOUS FURRY BREAK BROTHERS



THE AMERICAN AS A REVOLUTIONARY

by WILLIAM BLAND

The "American concept" provides an incredible number of escape routes through which a person may conveniently crawl in order to avoid his responsibility of development, both personally and socially. The silent majority simultaneously blames the Establishment for its economic insecurity and the hippie subculture for its political instability. And we, the very same subculture mentioned above, blame the Establishment for poverty, war, and radical bias, all of which somehow manage to exist in our subculture too.

The problem lies not with Nixon or Agnew, or even Ford or Rockefeller, but with the protagonists of the "revolution," the self-styled Rudi's and Che's who preach at the people, while forgetting to work alongside them... who chafe at their own non-recognition, and forget the obscurity of the blue-collar worker. It's so easy to hide! Put on bright patterned clothes, wear a beard and steel-rimmed glasses, go to a demonstration once in a while, be plastic, and the image is there. You are a revolutionary. You are defying the government, your parents, and the society you are expected to hate. What have you done? Have you made anyone less hungry, have you changed that which you dislike so vehemently, or have you merely become one of those people who hide their identity because the real self-image is so weak? You have become the mirror of the businessman who hides behind the executive desk, wearing a grey suit with conservative tie, thinking in terms of Dow-Jones and expensive Rauschenbergs, complaining about nothing more than the inefficient LIRR and the violence of T.V.

And here we are waiting for the next Hesse translation, lamenting the price of grass, buying hash pipes made of genuine walrus tusk and picking clothes because of our need. We may sit back and read the transcripts of the Hoffman trial but what have we done to change the system? The government has been and will continue to be very clever about violent (and peaceful) protest. When the marches in Selma and Little Rock took place the immediate action was the active stifling of the marchers in order that no popular "support" might occur. And then legislation was enacted to "correct" the grave injustices that had been uncovered. And we were fooled and placated just as we have been in very instance where these tactics occurred. Of course progress has been made, but only the progress that the government has deemed acceptable (in the majority's terms, of course). How can we, as the provocators sit back and be happy or even content with this type of progress... the type that allows mock trials, pollution of our environment, and the harassment of our "socially unacceptable?" The type that allows monopoly of our communications will also allow a national guard to become a national police force. It will allow the use of chemical warfare as a "defensive" measure and it will allow the use of nuclear power as a deterrent against an enemy with only one name... communist.

Americans by nature tend to overlook the real source of the trouble in almost every situation, and that source is of course themselves. How many times have you become indignant at the poverty in the slums, white and black, and then reacted by declaring this as another example of the evil of the socio-economic complex of governmental departments at odds with one another. How many times have you blamed the lily pure white communities for their policy of isolationism while ignoring the fact that you also live outside of the slums. Maybe you have never personally accused the Negro of being too lazy to work, but you do buy

your food at the Acme or A&P serviced by those segregated unions and you really can't PROVE that that statement is false, can you? This type of thinking which is so abhorred by the young as being base rationalization is in fact practised by us constantly. Every time we ignore a personal or social injustice we are giving our tacit approval to the condition which caused it... and approval is tantamount to acceptance. And acceptance of a condition makes it stationary. It will neither regress or move forward. It will stagnate, it will become more unacceptable until the



following generations will admit that this system did indeed have serious faults and it will not understand how we could have possibly tolerated them. Admittedly, hindsight is easier than foresight, but ignoring the present is not providing a solution of the problems that now exist. The avant-garde is as unacceptable in this as-



pect as is the rear-garde. When neither admits the conditions against which it is accepting or rebelling them these conditions cannot and will not change either for the better or the worse.

One can say that the avant-garde must be the people and the rear-garde must be the implanted system. If one admits the



forward force is the people then one must unfortunately also admit that this force can never be truly united into one cohesive force and that certain people must come forward to lead this force. This force must have a goal or at least an objective or it will be (as it has been) an aimless parade of speeches and demonstrations without purpose and result. Have we as the revolutionary force done more than this for ourselves or the people who follow us (if any). The answer is clearly "no" and the lack of any revolutionary

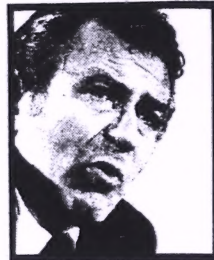
results stem directly from this inaction on our part.

It is almost naturally assumed that the arena for action is the political institution. While it is certain that this is true to some extent, most people have little or no connection with politics and the power structure. So the "battle" becomes one of economics, combined with the culture of literature, art and music. Everyone falls somewhere into these categories as far as their personal emphasis is concerned, and it is with these institutions that the real and immediate contacts are established. Lists should be made of those stores that practice discrimination and use the help of segregated unions. And then these stores should be boycotted and protested against. If a college or high school is segregated refuse to support it in any way, and publicly denounce its policies and faculty. If a company makes any type of anti-personnel devices take all steps needed to render it ineffectual and powerless.

These things are so easy, and yet we convince ourselves that this is not in some way too harsh, that perhaps we should not endanger our standing publicity.

Only one thing needs to be said about revolution. And that is that revolution as we must have it must be constructive, never destructive in terms of our people or arts. Public destruction is personal destruction as well... and suicide in defeat.

There is no true "American Revolutionary" yet. But we can make one, and we shall.



Testifying as a defense witness at the Chicago Conspiracy non-trial, author Norman Mailer said that it was ridiculous to accuse the defendants of conspiracy. He said "Left-wingers are incapable of conspiracy because they're all egomaniacs."

In explaining the Yippie strategy, Mr. Mailer said, "You don't attack the fortress any more. You just surround it and make faces at the people inside and let them have nervous breakdowns and destroy themselves."



DO YOU BROADCAST BAD VIBES ??

NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO BAN MOUTHWASH


For years large companies, corporations - and now conglomerates - have been a potent force in American life. BIG BUSINESS gets what it wants. This trend must be reversed and it can be reversed.

A new group, the National Committee to Ban Mouthwash, has been created to do just what the name says - ban mouthwash. On the surface, such an objective may sound absurd and on this point we can fully understand why you should have such feelings. But neither NCBM nor the mouthwash issue are laughing matters. The American people spend millions of dollars on mouthwash, a product of negligible value to say the least.

The NCBM holds to the belief that mouthwash is a gimmick which could be placed in the "safe" category. Mouthwash companies gather millions without being challenged for the simple reason

that people think such a challenge would be ridiculous. Now don't you think executives of various mouthwash companies realize this and do indeed feel they have a method of "safe" - guaranteed profit? NCBM seeks to change this unchallenged state of affairs by having the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare take mouthwash off the market.

Anti-mouthwash people want to stop the guaranteed annual profits of BIG BUSINESS and mouthwash is a contributor which must go. BIG BUSINESS can be stopped and it does not have to get what it wants, but this will depend upon how many people are willing to mobilize against the gimmicks of the industry. We ask only that you watch for NCBM buttons, ads, and bulletins to keep informed on this pressing matter and to think about what has been said.



Shellie Edlow

satisfaction*

223 west 44th st
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*we're having a sale

20%-50% off

on all our gifts, gadgets,
gidgets 'n gems...gorgeous
garments galore... come!



FRED HAMPTON

The coroner's jury's verdict speaks for itself, it is recognition — by an independent, objective agency — of the truthfulness of our police officers' account of the events of Dec. 4

— State's Attorney Edward V. Hanrahan

a well-rehearsed theatrical performance designed to justify excessive police conduct in killing and maiming members of the Black Panther Party.

— James D. Montgomery, lawyer for the Illinois Chapter Black Panther Party.

We got a bad deal. That Gerber guy did everything except pull the trigger.
— Mrs. Iberia Hampton, mother of slain leader Fred Hampton.

Chicago (LNS) — Smug. Bland. Blind. The special Coroner's Jury convened to investigate the killing of Illinois Black Panther leader Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, another Panther, by police gun-fire came out with a verdict on January 21, after five hours of deliberation.

"Certain city of Chicago policemen... in execution of a search warrant... did then and there use firearms which they reasonably believed to be necessary to prevent death or grave bodily harm..."

It is almost impossible to avoid feelings of indignation, shock, pure rage. You knew that this was coming from the day the jury was first called. But the case was too clear. From the time of the killing, the attitude of the establishment press to the police account ranged from skepticism to open sarcasm. The jurors would have to see the holes in the official version. They would have to note what thousands of people had observed — that there were no signs of any bullets fired in the direction of the doors through which the police had entered Hampton's apartment, clusters of bullet holes around the place where the Panthers had lain, and stood, and two of them had died. They would have to...

They sat there — six "blue-ribbon" investigators. They sat there for 12 days and heard 14 police officers and assorted state "experts" shuffle, stack and deal a marked deck of lies and contradictions.

These blue ribbon men. This independent, objective agency.

Martin S. Gerber, 62-year-old bankruptcy attorney, presiding. If you saw the old man on the street, if you overheard him talking on the subway, you would probably laugh. He wears suits of the same cut as those worn by Richard J. Daley. He greets his sudden prominence with a ponderous display of colloquialism. He calls for lunch hour by saying, "I think

this would be a propitious moment for all of us to go out and put on the feedbag." He finds murders justifiable. "... everything except pull the trigger."

Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed during the pre dawn hours of December 4.

Sgt. Daniel Groth is the man who led the raid on that apartment at 2337 West Monroe where Hampton and Clark were killed. In five days of testimony at the inquest, Groth revealed himself as either a man with no memory whatsoever or a pathetically bad liar.

On December 10th, Groth told the press: "We didn't take tear gas because of the specific nature of our mission and the fact that we'd have the element of surprise on our side. Under the law we had to enter that flat and serve the warrant for a search. We couldn't just lob tear gas in there and charge."

On January 8th, he had two different reasons for not using tear gas:

Gerber: Did you think of using tear gas?

Groth: No, sir.

Gerber: Why not?

Groth: Didn't see any need for it, sir. And a few minutes later:

Gerber: Why didn't you take tear gas to subdue resistance?

Groth: There was no tear gas available to us at that time.

Groth also testified on January 8th that the first shot fired in the raid was fired by Brenda Harris, an occupant of the apartment. Groth said that this shot was fired simultaneous to his entering the apartment and it "lit up her face." At that point he fired two shots in her direction, he said.

By January 12th, Groth had changed his mind. At a visit to the apartment 13 days after the raid, Groth said on the witness stand that "we discussed who we thought had fired the first shot... it was my original contention that Brenda Harris had... I now feel that Mark Clark fired the first shot... through the door, and the shot lodged in the hallway."

This was Groth's most interesting and revealing change in testimony. The day after the raid, he was very definite that it was "a girl (presumably Brenda Harris) on a bed holding a shotgun" who initiated a "hail of gunfire" that met policemen as they came through the door and erupted into a "raging gunbatttle" (in which, by Groth's most recent testimony, the occupants of the apartment fired a total of five shots without managing to hit any-

one).

The problems with the new account of things are numerous. The alleged shot which allegedly lodged in the hallway managed to do so without leaving any traces in the hallway itself. "Expert" in residence John M. Sadunas, a firearms examiner for the police department, testified that the police had not found the slugs or pellets from any of the five shots the Panthers are supposed to have fired.

But the advantages of the new story are also obvious. Mark Clark is dead, and dead men tell no tales.

Groth's further testimony bristles with marks of inconsistency, incompetence, and outright stupidity. According to Groth, none of the guns confiscated from the apartment were ever checked for fingerprints. At one point in his testimony, Gerber asked Groth a complex question to which he replied, "No." Gerber, not understanding which part of his question was being answered, asked, "No what?" Groth pondered for a moment, then replied, "No, SIR!"

Like Gerber, Groth is a man who could be humorous — except for the leading role he played in the attack. At Fred Hampton's funeral, SCLC leader Ralph Abernathy declared that it was an attack in which "The black community is the target, and the Black Panther Party is the bulseye." This statement was substantiated during the testimony of black plainclothesman who stood outside during the raid. Lynwood Harris said that he was afraid of being mistaken for a "citizen" by the other police called to the building.

But the faith of our blue-ribbon citizens is not shaken. They are wise men, perceptive men. Two lawyers, two doctors, a social science professor, and a retired railroad car porter. They can render truth out of falsehood and ignore the fact that no witnesses testified on behalf of the Panthers because they have to preserve their case for the County Grand Jury which is contemplating attempted

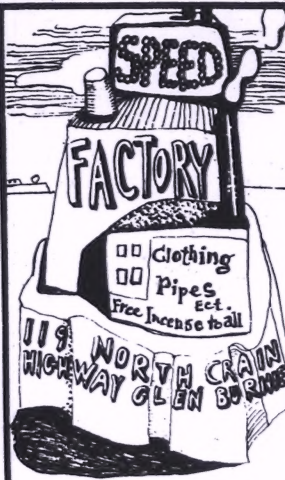
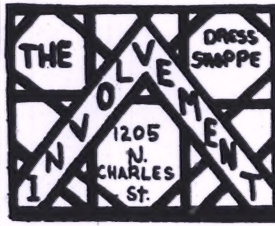
murder indictments against the seven survivors of the raid.

"Rotten people, the whole bunch is rotten people," says Iberia Hampton. And she is right, as everyone should have known long before she said it. "They're no good." And it's true. They were well chosen. Despite a law requiring that all members of a coroner's jury come from the vicinity of the place of death, the government was taking no chances. None of these men come from the community to which Fred Hampton and his fellow Panthers had been providing free breakfasts for children, free clothing, free medical care. They had not been infected by any experience of the Panthers' practice, and it did not strike them as strange that the Panthers engage in wild gunfights armed either with blanks or disappearing bullets.

"If a pig breaks into my house," said Chaka Wells, Black Panther Deputy Minister of Information on a tape played at the inquest, "I'm gonna treat him like a criminal."

Mark Clark and Fred Hampton never got the chance. But the police did get a chance to prove that they fully deserved such treatment.

And their blue ribbon friends. The Gerbers. Now they have had the chance to dispel any remaining illusions that there can be justice for any Black Panther or any black person fighting for liberation in this country.



SPEED IS A NO-NO

Reprinted from *Nickle Review*

by ALLEN GINSBERG

Let's issue a general declaration to the underground community, contra speed-amos ex cathedra. Speed is anti-social, paranoid making, it's a drag, bad for your body, bad for your mind, generally speaking, in the long run uncreative and it's a plague in the whole dope industry. All the nice gentle dope fiends are getting screwed up by the real horror monster Frankenstein Speedfreaks who are going around stealing and badmouthing everybody.

The answer to it, I would say, is somehow put the speedfreaks in relation to doctors and nature, again. What the government ought to do is establish quiet farms, mountain-wilderness-fresh air-heated log cabins, where speedfreaks can go with their girl friends or boy friends, if they have any, and get out of the city where speed is available and get back to the refreshing influence of nature. They're getting all dirty fingered handling the garbage in the city, and they're getting all sorts of electronic horror vibrations. It's the worst thing in the whole drug scene that I know of, the one thing I can't figure out what to do.

I've used speed, briefly, like for a day or writing, but the use of speed over two days tends to lead to irritability and insensitivity and a kind of Hitlerian fascist mentality, which may be the by-products of real perceptions of interest. But generally, the interpretations are over-forced, with too much will power and insensitivity, so they're always leaning on everyone else around them, trying to force everybody else into their universe. It's not a common universe that is the problem, it's not one everyone can participate in - the speed-crystal universe. Speed was originally invented by the Germans for use by the pilots in bombing England, so it's originally a kind of totalitarian synthetic.

The physiological problem is that if you stay up three or four or five days, you

tend not to eat well enough to nourish your body, and pretty soon there comes to be a metaphysic of despising your body out of that crystal universe. Since you don't sleep, you don't get your 45 necessary minutes of dreaming each night, and so after a while the unconscious dream life begins to erupt during waking, walking around consciousness, and you begin to act out your dream life and mistaking hallucinations from the unconscious as being manifest sensory realities that other people can pick up on, which is not true, so there's a disjunction of realities. Or there's the insistence on your reality being the only reality, if you're on the speed freak, which is undemocratic, and that's where it's totalitarian.

Since 1958 it's been a plague around my house. People that I liked or who were good artists, have gotten all screwed up on it, and come around burning down the door, stealing. All the stuff I brought back from India was stolen by speedfreaks.

The junk problem's an easy problem to handle compared to the speed problem. With speed you don't have a physiological addiction, but you do have a psychic addiction, which is strong and is followed by a long depression. It takes several months for the metabolism to restabilize itself, and there's a depression that lasts during this time. Apparently getting off speed requires a great deal of attention and care and love and nature. But the speed addict has generally so offended everybody by the time he wants to get off that he's created a social void for himself.

The ideal government agency to deal with speed freaks should be a whole bunch of lumberjacks up in the mountains and strong peasant girls to cook flapjacks and make a fire; and let the speed demon sleep off his depressions and lie around for a couple of weeks until he finally feels like going out and smelling the evergreens and then maybe building a fence or a bridge back.



BEWARE

The reports of federal agents who will be working in Maryland to bust pot smokers (HARRY no. 5) have been further corroborated. However, the program is not yet in effect. It will begin some time between now and April 15. Take heed.

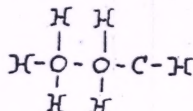
No-Knock

The furor over the "no-knock" law is mere diversion. The police, both federal and in Maryland, had "no-knock" authority all along under court rulings.

Federal agents can enter private premises without knocking if they reasonably believe that to knock would lead to injury to themselves or others, or that the people inside would escape or destroy evidence. The Supreme Court established these rules in the cases of *Miller vs. United States* (1958) and *Ker vs. California* ('63.)

Maryland courts ruled in *Hanson vs. State* ('69) and *Waugh vs. State* that officers may enter without knocking if there is a possibility of destruction of evidence.

Chemical structure of LCD



NEXT WEEK: Complete road test reports on *SOMA* and *PCP*

COPS ARE BUSTING UP ALL OVER

BUSTS

Getting busted was "in" last week. On the evening of January 24, John T. Cahill, 19, son of New Jersey's Governor William T. Cahill, was arrested in Philadelphia for possession of half an ounce of grass. The elder Cahill was elected last year on a "law-and-order" platform.



John Cahill

of Mobil Oil, and a leading contender for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.



Howard Samuels, Jr.

Also, last week seven scientists from the NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Cal., were jailed for possession of grass and hash. This led one high official of the space agency to remark that the incident shows that "not all our people are square."



On the 26th, Harvey Fleetwood III, son of a prominent New York banker, was charged with trying to smuggle \$200,000 worth of hashish.

On Tuesday, the 27th Jonathan Freedman, 17, son of the City Manager of Hartford, Conn., was charged with selling 10 tabs of acid to an undercover narc.

On Friday, the 30th, Howard Samuels, Jr., 17, was arraigned in New York on charges of possessing hash. Howard Samuels, Sr., is former chairman of the Small Business Administration, Vice President

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CLARK BARRED

Chicago, January 28. Judge Julius Hoffman barred former United States Attorney General Ramsey Clark from testifying today for the defense of the 7 being tried for conspiracy. The judge upheld a government objection that Mr. Clark could make "no relevant or material contribution" to the case.

After strenuous objection to this ruling, attorney for the Conspiracy, William Kunstler, interrogated Mr. Clark with the jury absent. The government objected to 14 of the 38 questions Kunstler posed to their former boss, stating that answers would violate Federal regulations against revealing Justice Department files and "other security matters."

Chicago, a decision Mr. Clark apparently opposed. Judge Hoffman sustained the prosecution's objection to any further disclosure of the meeting.

Mr. Clark also related a phone conversation the day after the convention with Thomas A. Foran, the United States attorney who is the chief prosecutor in the conspiracy case. He had told Mr. Foran to investigate the disorders through Justice Department lawyers "as is generally done in civil rights cases," rather than through a grand jury. Several days later, however, a Federal grand jury was impaneled. In the next spring it handed indictments to the 8 defendants as well as against 8 cops



GEORGIA STRAIGHT/LNS.

It did come out that an aid to Clark had told him that a conversation with Daley on the developing riot situation was "not very satisfactory" and that Daley was "not very conciliatory."

Also Mr. Clark had spoken to President Johnson on the phone about the mess on August 20, 1968. The prosecution successfully objected that "a Cabinet officer should not relate a telephone conversation with the President of the United States."

Mr. Clark did tell of a meeting with Johnson in the White House Oval Room on August 21, 1968. The meeting concerned the dispatch of Federal troops to

Before the jury had entered the room for the day prosecutor Schultz asked that Clark be barred from the stand, since it was clear that defense was calling Clark only for "the prestige he might shed on the defendant's case."

Attorney for the defense Kunstler argued that Judge Hoffman's ruling against Clark as a witness was "absolutely unheard of in the history of the United States" and "sets a precedent horrendous to contemplate." Judges normally lean over backwards to let defendants in criminal cases put any witness on the stand who could offer the slightest shred of relevant testimony.

Justice Douglas Calls For Revolution

by FREE

In "Points of Rebellion," a book scheduled for Feb. 19 publication, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas warns that revolution may prove the only honorable alternative to oppression by the American establishment.

"George III was the symbol against which our Founders made a revolution now considered bright and glorious... We must realize that today's establishment is the new George III... Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution."

Justice Douglas acknowledges that violence has no constitutional sanction, "But where grievances pile high and most of the elected spokesmen represent the establishment, violence may be the only effective response." Whether the revolution proves violent depends on how wise the establishment is, says Douglas: "If, with its stockpiles of arms, it resolves to suppress the dissenters, America will face, I fear, an awful ordeal." At present the

suppression, for whites anyway, is taking place in the courts.

Arguing for a radical restructuring, Douglas cites as chief targets the Pentagon, FBI, CIA, corporate bureaucracy, and racist practices by police, employers, and educators.

He says the modern day dissenters are like the "loyal opposition" in England. And the "powers that be" echo Adolf Hitler who said in 1932, "The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting... We need law and order."

Douglas charges that the "Pentagon has a fantastic budget that enables it to dream of putting down the much needed revolutions which will arise in Peru, the Philippines, and in other benighted countries."

He states, "At the international level we have become virtually paranoid. Indeed a black silence of fear possesses the nation and is causing us to jettison some of our libertarian traditions."



by Jerry Rubin

I am a child of Amerika.
If I'm ever sent to Death Row for my revolutionary "crimes," I'll order as my last meal: a hamburger, french fries and a Coke.

I dig big cities.
I love to read the sports pages and gossip columns, listen to the radio and watch color TV.

I dig department stores, huge supermarkets and airports. I feel secure (though not necessarily hungry) when I see Howard Johnson's on the expressway.

I groove on Hollywood movies—even bad ones.
I speak only one language—English.

I love rock 'n' roll.
I collected baseball players' cards when I was a kid and wanted to play second base for the Cincinnati Reds, my home team.

I got a car when I was sixteen after flunking my first driver's test and crying for a week waiting to take it a second time.

I went to the kind of high school where you had to pass a test to get in.

I graduated in the bottom half of the class.
My classmates voted me the "busiest" senior in the school.

I had short, short, short hair.
I dug *Catcher in the Rye*.

I didn't have pimples.
I became an ace young reporter for the Cincinnati *Post* and *Times-Star*. "Son," the managing editor said to me, "someday you're going to be a *helluva* reporter, maybe the greatest reporter this city's ever seen."

I loved Adlai Stevenson.
My father drove a truck delivering bread and later became an organizer in the Bakery Driver's Union. He dug Jimmy Hoffa (so do I). He died of heart failure at fifty-two.

My mother had a college degree and played the piano. She died of cancer at the age of fifty-one.

I took care of my brother, Gil, from the time he was thirteen.

I dodged the draft.
I went to Oberlin College for a year, graduated from the University of Cincinnati, spent 1½ years in Israel and started graduate school at Berkeley.

I dropped out.
I dropped out of the White Race and the American nation.

I dig being free.
I like getting high.
I don't own a suit or tie.
I live for the revolution.
I'm... yippie!
I am... an orphan of Amerika.

Reprinted from the *Tribe*



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D.C. 9

February 3, 1970

by DAVE EBERHARDT

On March 23, 1969, a group since named the DC 9 got into the Washington office of the Dow Chemical Company and ripped off and tore up — breaking windows, overturning desks, emptying files, and pouring blood. It was a joyous act of demolition to protest Dow's manufacture of napalm for the Vietnam war. Having diverted a guard to the boiler room, the 9 did (in fed language) break and enter and commit malicious destruction of such items as letters to and from Pentagon generals, bombshell designs, and \$1,000 expense accounts for the plush office.

Dow, a corporation based in Midland, Mich., has since lost their contract for producing napalm, the jellied gasoline used by the U.S. on humans in Vietnam. They still make defoliants used to destroy forest and crops in Vietnam and certain disabling gasses like the sort worked on here in Maryland at Edgewood Arsenal and (in the case of mace) at Aircraft Armament at Cockeysville, Md.

In their statement at the time of the action, the 9 stated in an "Open Letter to the Corporations of America," "By this action we condemn you, the Dow Chemical Company, and all similar American Corporations."

"We are outraged by the death-dealing exploitation of people of the 3rd World and of all the poor and powerless who are victimized by your profit-seeking ventures. Considering it our responsibility to respond we deny the right of your faceless and inhuman corporation to exist:

"you, corporations, who under the cover of stockholder and executive anonymity, exploit, deprive, dehumanize and kill in search of profit:

"you, corporations, who contain (or control) Americans and exploit their exaggerated need for security that you have helped to create;

"you, corporations, who numb our sensitivity to persons, and capitalize on our concern for things.

"Specifically, we warn you, Dow Chemical Company, that we will no longer tolerate your refusal to accept responsibility for your programmed destruction of human life.

"You, stockholders and Company executives alike, are so willing to seek profit in the production of napalm, defoliants, nerve gas, as in the same spirit you cooperated with the I.G. Farben Company, a chemical manufacturer in Nazi Germany, during the Second World War...

"Your product is death, your market is war. Your offices have lost their right to exist. It is a blow for justice that we strike today. In your mad pursuit of profit, you and other like you, are causing the psychological and physical destruction of mankind. We urge all to join us as we say 'no' to this madness."

5 priests, 2 women, 1 a sister, and 1 a draft resister signed the statement.

"The heavily destructive attack," wrote local reporters, "was similar in planning and intent to the burning of draft board records in Catonsville Md., in May of '69, and the pouring of human and animal blood on draft records at the Baltimore Customs House in October, '67. Participants in those protests, also Catholic pacifists for the most part, have been tried, convicted, and sentenced in Baltimore courts and are free on appeal.

Washington courts, under Federal jurisdiction, are getting around to the DC 9 this week in D.C. The 9 are continuing their celebration of life and plan to present a "case against American Imperialism, war crimes, corporate complicity in these crimes, and the quality of life in America." They will present their case in the courtroom, and at rallies and demonstrations.

In their invitation to attend the trial, the 9 state, "When you come let us know how many will be in your party and if possible about when you will arrive; we will try to arrange housing in area homes, but come prepared for church or school floors and like blankets will be essential; there are plans for community supports but for the rest bring bread and/or bread." The 9 list themselves as

DC NINE DEFENSE COMMITTEE
1620 S St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20009
202 265-7084 or 737-2969

There will be daily demonstrations at the U.S. Courthouse, 3rd and Constitution, 11am to 1pm, and rallies, meeting, concerts every evening. Coming Wednesday is Pete Seeger; Thursday speakers Staughton Lynd, Howard Zinn; Friday speakers Stewart Meacham, and Harvey Cox with the films "Yippies" and "Some Won't Go." Nightly concerts feature the DC rock groups of Still Roven, Fat City, Crank, Love Cry, Want, Claude Jones, etc.

The DC 9 are calling their trial a "Resistance Festival." As these action groups have proliferated, like the rock groups, families and communities have grown up around them. Baltimore, for example, witnessed mass demonstrations in support of the Catonsville 9, and our city still profits from the organizing that went on a-

Rite Of Love And Anger

by RAT and JOHN

John Sinclair was sentenced to 9½ to 10 years in prison for passing out, free, two joints to a bearded undercover agent and a policewoman posing as his hippie wife. TEN YEARS FOR TWO JOINTS.

One ought to be given awards for turning on a cop — instead he lies in Pig Nation's jails. Who is this ravaging beast of pormut that the police and courts are so anxious to remove from civilization for TEN YEARS!?

John is a successful organizer and that's what it's really all about. Since 1964 he has worked to create an integrated community of artists, first in Detroit, and then in Ann Arbor, where he set up the Trans-Love Community. John's open loving community houses and storefronts became a magnetic mecca attracting hundreds of strong, dedicated radical cretards that trial. If this is the city of the Colts, it is also the city of discriminating destructions of property like Dow's. At this moment there are Baltimoreans awaiting long jail terms for these actions, and members of such actions already in the Baltimore City and Towson jails. Perhaps such actions, like the rock groups, can help take the place of older institutions like the church or the courts which are no longer truly responsive to our generation or growth and life.

tors. This pissed off the authorities — a long haired maniac telling the truth to



Photo—M. Sinclair

Sinclair

young people. He had to be stomped off the set. Though his case is under appeal, John was denied bond and has been transferred from Jackson State to Marquette, a maximum security prison in Michigan's desolate upper peninsula where it is harder for his brothers and sisters to visit him. The nature of the appeal challenges the cruel and unnecessary penalties for marijuana usage as well as the very existence of laws dealing with pot prohibition.

Having spent time in the Trans-Love Energies Community and experienced the warmth and togetherness there, I developed a love for the brother who helped create Trans-Love, although I have never met him. For this reason, two of us from Ball-More split to New York to take part in the Rite of Love and Anger, a benefit for the John Sinclair defense fund (Box 444, New York, N.Y.). Having been turned on to some outtasight weed by a couple of freaks we met in Howard Johnson's on the New Jersey Turnpike, we entered the East Village good and loaded.

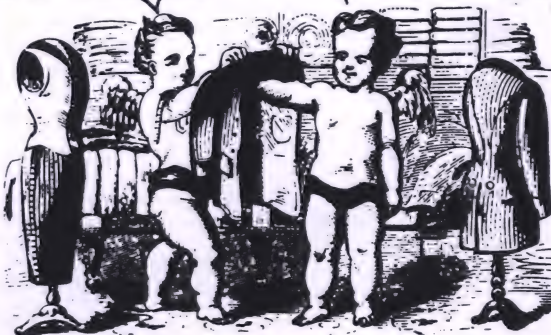
The scene at St. Marks was a far-out mixed-media thing. Ed Sanders of The Fugs, Danny Kalb and some chick whose name I can't remember started the evening off, each singing their own brand of revolutionary folk music. Then came the Living Theater's film, "Paradise Now," which, as usual, blew a lot of minds. This was followed by a pretty together skit on racism and pig repression. The film, "Two Virgins," by John and Yoko, brought people to the realization that what we are about is LOVE. But, as the saying goes, "To love we must survive — to survive we must fight — to fight we must love." Finally the bands "Elephant's Memory" and "Bamboo" played, in what order I don't know, but who cares because everybody started to really get together. Circle dances were formed, and for the next couple of hours several hundred high energy freaks became one. Although we are now physically apart, spiritually everyone there is still together. WOW — the East Village hasn't seen anything like what happened on January 24 for more than two years.

The authors of the preceding article are members of the local tribe of the "Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers"

pennyback?

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constant in life
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REISTERSTOWN RD. PLAZA



FIGHTING The Phone

In April it will be four years that the government has added 10% to your telephone bill each month to finance the war in Vietnam. Some 6,000 people across the country—who, like myself, don't believe that it's in their interest to finance that war—have refused to pay this tax.

I began one year ago. Each month when my telephone bill arrives, I add up the figures in the column headed "Federal Excise Tax," an amount which has averaged about \$2.15. I deduct the amount from the check I send to the telephone company, and I attach to it a printed card which reads in part:

Because of the brutal and aggressive war the United States government is conducting against Vietnam, the amount of the federal excise tax, \$, has been deducted from my payment of this bill . . . The telephone excise tax was raised in April, 1966, only to help pay for the war in Vietnam . . . I am sorry for any inconvenience my tax refusal may cause your office, and hope you will understand that this protest is not directed against the telephone company.

The card ends by asking the Bell employee to join with me and others in refusing to pay this assessment. (The cards are available for \$1 a dozen from the War Resisters League, at 339 Lafayette St.)

Bell Telephone has not been happy about being forced to become a tax collector for a levy which is so unpopular it couldn't have been imposed on the public directly. I have been told that other tax resisters, who absently-mindedly forgot on occasion to make their usual 10% deduction, have been notified by the telephone company of their oversight or have had the deduction made by the company automatically.

In April, when I owed at least \$7.50 in back taxes, the Internal Revenue Service mailed me a Notice of Tax Due which said that I owed \$2.93 plus 4% interest. A month later, I was sent a final notice which said if I

to fight the war

didn't pay in 10 days, the amount would be forcibly collected. Since this notice was signed by a human being, I wrote to him.

I told him I have been advised the war in Vietnam is illegal (a United States war, to be legal, must be declared by our Congress, not the Pentagon), and I reminded him that established precedent of law says that a person who contributes to the commission of a crime may himself some day be held accountable as an accomplice in that crime. I pointed out to him it might be advisable—for his own safety—for him to re-examine his own relationship with this war, since it's possible that some day those of us who participated willingly in its pursuit might be tried under the same Nuremberg decision which sentenced the Nazis. I told him if he would come by my apartment at his earliest convenience, I'd make some calls around to accountants I know and see if we couldn't find him a position in some respectable line of work.

Though he has the legal right to come to my apartment to ask me where I bank or work or whether I own any property that he could seize for payment, I've never heard anything from him. Perhaps because he's conscious of the fact that I have the legal right to refuse to answer such questions.

By the time I owed \$13.50, in July, I received another notice. This one said I owed an additional \$2.96 plus 4% interest.

The law says a revenue agent may not, in payment of an assessment, seize either your clothes or furniture (unless the latter is worth more than \$500)—or, interestingly, your guns or unemployment check. But he is permitted to seize your car, real estate, or Social Security check.

If, like me, you live in an apartment and own no property except clothes and furniture, he will try to seize your bank account or wages. To find your bank, he may ask the telephone company about the source of your checks, or he may query banks in your neighborhood until he finds your account. He will then serve notice of seizure on your account and withdraw the amount owed. It's painless. But it costs the government more in man hours to collect a small amount than it nets.

If you, like me, keep your savings (whenever you have any) in traveler's checks and pay your bills by money order, the agents must try to find out where you work. If you work at the same place you did when you last filed a tax return, he'll probably get the information from that. If, however, you're now working for someone else, he may have reached the end of his investigation rope, in which case he'll probably file your case under "Later."

In my case, he went on October 1st to offices of the magazine where for three years I've earned most of my income. He presented the publisher with what, in effect, was a garnishee for the two bills, which amounted to something like six dollars and change. I had told the publisher about my tax protest. He too is opposed to the war. He told me he would be willing to pay me in cash every week so I could avoid the garnishee—which would have made it virtually impossible for the government to collect the tax. But I reasoned that it wasn't worth the extra effort; it had certainly cost the government more than six dollars to collect my sum. When the revenue agents came, I asked the publisher to write out a check.

A few days later—when I still owed about \$16 uncollected tax—I received the first of what I assume will be another series of bills, this one for \$8.30. I'm sure sooner or later some well-paid government employee is going to drop by my publisher's office and collect the amount.

—Robert Wolf

From Manhattan Tribune

With A Little Help From Our Friends

by Rosemary

Continually, our 'illustrious elders'—meaning—parents, teachers, politicians, pigs and the like are trying to crush the movement. We REFUSE to let this happen! They aren't strong or smart enough. One of their tricks is saying, "Your ideals of peace and harmony can't work—people have been seeking peace for years and still there is war and suffering." Bullshit!!! Don't they understand that as long as they accept this it will remain true?! Adam's 'Garden Of Eden' CAN live again here and now! It's been proven...remember Woodstock?

All that's needed are the energies of the souls which have been incarnated into this 'The Aquarian Age'. Many of those souls can be witnessed today all over the world in Peace Marches, at Concert gatherings and in the hundreds of underground organizations; but we need more!! There are so many who have been blinded by the lies and temporarily satisfied with the materialistic 'goodies' of the present fucked-up society. I'm talking about YOU, reader, and perhaps some of your friends who won't even get the chance to read this paper because parents (or social standing) won't allow them. If you've got any complaints at all about conditions in your home, Baltimore City, the U.S. or the world—stand up and SCREAM!! Tear off the fear that has been holding you down. (There is nothing to fear but fear itself) If school or your job is a drag or you've got parents that want you to live by their rules and regulations, then SPLIT! There are tons of groups all over the country working toward higher goals that will welcome you with open arms.

If you've been tripping around town in your latest 'hip' garb but doing nothing about whatever it is you happen to believe in then you're a FAKE-dig?! Open those stoney eyes once and try being FREE!

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HOUSE CALL

(Send your questions to HOUSE CALL, HARRY, 233 East 25th Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21218. Names and addresses will not be printed, but should be included, so that questions not used in the paper may be answered personally.)

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

DRUG ENCYCLOPEDIA

Drug	Major psychic effects	Major physical effects	usual duration	medical use	dangers	antidote
Barbiturates (e.g. seconal, nembutal, Tuinal)	drowsiness, lethargy, dizziness, giddiness	depression of brain functions	6 - 8 hours	sedatives and sleeping pills	often addicting, overdose can cause coma, respiratory failure, and death.	vomiting, stomach washing, IV fluids, mechanical support of breathing. NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION
Alcohol	relaxation, loss of inhibitions, loss of mental abilities and judgement, drowsiness.	loss of coordination and balance, slurred speech, vomiting and delirium in higher doses	1 - 4 hours	none	can be addicting, long use leads to liver brain, and other damage. overdose can cause coma, respiratory failure, and death	same as barbiturates, but must be done even faster
Amphetamines (e.g. benzedrine, dexedrine, methedrine)	feeling of energy, illusion of creativity, temporary loss of fatigue, nervousness	increase in heartbeat and blood pressure, loss of appetite, feeling of energy and wakefulness	4 - 6 hours	diet pills	extreme nervousness, extreme fatigue and depression on coming down, can produce paranoia, often very habit-forming	barbiturates, milders tranquilizers such as Equanil and Valium
Narcotics (e.g. morphine, heroin, codeine)	feelings of ease and euphoria, later an inner deadness of feeling	depression of brain functions, shallow breathing, constipation, constriction of pupils	4 hours	powerful pain killers	extremely addicting, overdose can cause very quick death.	nallorphine, levallorphan. must be given immediately by doctor
Cannabinols (e.g. marijuana, hashish, THC)	relaxation, mild euphoria, heightening of sensory awareness.	dryness of mouth, increase in heart rate, mild irritation of eyes.	1 - 2 hours	none	prolonged frequent use may slow intellectual processes.	none known or needed.
LSD (prototype)	drug psychosis: intense rushes of feeling and perception, hallucinations, distortions.	dilation of pupils, no others known.	10 - 12 hours	none	"bad trip," later neurotic or psychotic after-effects	Thorazine
Mescaline	same, but milder.	same	8 - 12 hours	none	same but less often.	Thorazine
DMT (dimethyltryptmine)	same as LSD	same	5 - 30 minutes	none	same but less often.	none known.
STP (dimethoxymethylphenylethylamine)	same but stronger	same	36 hours	none	same but much often, a very dangerous drug.	none known.

P.S. Thanks for all the boxtops
(everything from tampons to dog food)



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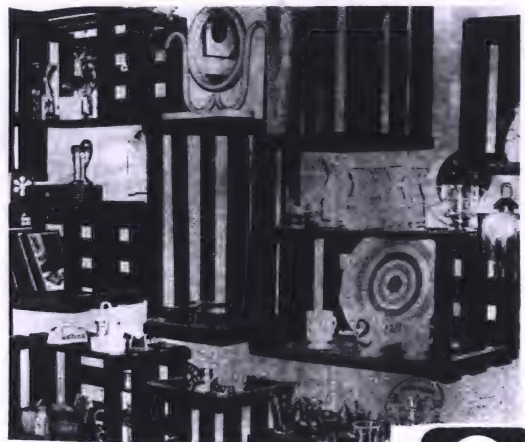
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Record Review

Doug Kershaw

The Cajun Way

Warner Bros./7-Arts

by MARIA GAJDA

Swamp mud still on his heels, Doug Kershaw has come up from Louisiana bayou country to treat us to some of his wild Cajun fiddling. His material is all original, although it has a strong root in traditional Cajun folk music. Nearly all of Kershaw's songs are about his life and experiences on the bayoux, and thus are imbued with sincerity.

Songs such as "Come Kiss Your Man," "Rita Put Your Black Shoes On," and "Papa and Mama had Love" are exquisite in their expression of the deep family love among the Cajuns — the kind of love that is all but lost by busy, independent city folks. Other tunes, especially "Sweet Jole Blon," stir up the restlessness in man with their wild Cajun yells and backwoods sentiment.

Kershaw's backup people, who, unfortunately, are not credited on the album jacket, fit right into the spirit of things. Often there is a hard-driving drum beat and heavy bass. A nice piano drifts in and out, and in several cuts there is an interesting meshing of fiddle and harp.

The album needs to be listened to from beginning to end, since the progression from one cut to the next is so deliberately laid out. The last cut, "Louisiana Man," is the story of Doug's childhood, and gives deep insight into the isolated life of these hard-working, hard-loving people.

Listen to the *Cajun Way*. You'll be happier for having done it.

GOSPEL MUSIC

"A dramatic and exuberant portrayal of the richness of America's gospel, religious and folk repertory" (that means a lot of slave-spade-gospel music) will be featured at Goucher College as the school opens its 1970 Concert Series. The program "Trumpets of the Lord" will be held on February 1 at the College Center. For ticket information call 825-3300.



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(drums)

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(elec. guitar)

DON BAILEY
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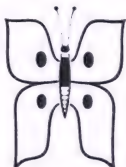
What Is The Younger Generation Coming To?

Believe it or not, these folks are John Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono, recently photographed at their farm in northern Denmark. The reasons for the defoliation were not given, but perhaps this may indicate changes that Lennon could be going through which again, could be reflected in the Beatles' new album due out this month. But then again...??



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and ALL MONTGOMERY WARD STORES

Film

By LEN BRADFORD

Movie buffs were green with envy when JF Theaters arranged for this writer to have lunch with John Carradine, who was in town for the opening of his latest film, *Cain's Way*, now appearing at the Town Theater. Carradine, one of film's greatest villains, began his acting career on the legitimate stage, acting mostly Shakespeare. His Hollywood reputation, however, grew with his exceptional portraits of monsters and psychopaths, often outshining the so-called "star" of the movie.

John Carradine is aptly fitted for his role as a "heavy." A tall, thin man, his steely eyes and lean expression only serve to compliment one of the most impressive voices in the world of cinema. Deep and vibrant, his voice is a medium through which, a line delivered, takes on an extra note of menace.

During this affair, those present were pleasantly and effortlessly entertained by



John Carradine in *Cain's Way*

Mr. Carradine and his wife with a series of anecdotes about movie-making and the changes it had undergone during the years. Mr. Carradine would well qualify as an historian of the medium, having been in films almost since the advent of the "talkies."

Among the more notable of his many, many films include *The Grapes of Wrath*.

The Hound of the Baskervilles, *Brigham Young*, *Stage Coach*, *Winterset*, *Hurricane*, *Fallen Angel*, *House of Frankenstein*, and *Captain Kidd*.

His son seems to have inherited some of his father's talent. Mr. and Mrs. Carradine were on their way to see the New York production of *Hair*, in which he has a leading part.

YEAR of the PIG

"Vietnam: In the Year of the Pig," an anti-war film about United States involvement in Vietnam, will be presented at benefits at Johns Hopkins University on Thursday, February 12, and at Goucher College on Friday, February 13. The showings will begin at 8:30.

The documentary film depicts the nature and history of the struggle in Vietnam. Presentations are being co-sponsored by the Baltimore Moratorium Committee and the student governments of the colleges. Tickets are \$2 for students and \$5 for people at Levering Hall at Hopkins, at the College Center at Goucher, at the Clothes Horse, and at the Bum Steer.

Herbert Held of the Baltimore Moratorium Committee (P.O. Box 2211, Baltimore, Md. 21203) said that proceeds will be used to establish a permanent office for Committee activities.



Atheist Church

Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, a former Baltimorean now living in Texas, has founded a religion for atheists. With herself as "bishop" and her husband Richard as "prophet," Mrs. O'Hair has asked for tax-exempt status for her "Poor Richard's Universal Life Church." The move is the latest in her attempts to have the tax exemption removed from all churches.

Mrs. O'Hair said that the church will have its own saints. "Our first saint is going to be the saint of human laughter, Mark Twain, who, incidentally, was an atheist."

THEATER

MIXED MEDIA SERVED AT CCB

by LEN BRADFORD

The Mixed Media Group, a new experimental theater organization headed by Eugene Bronstein presented a reading of "Under Milkwood" by Dylan Thomas at the Community College of Baltimore last Friday through Saturday, January 16-18, using films and taped soundtrack. The reading was informal, with actors sitting at tables with mikes, which cartoons and scenes from Welsh Villages were shown on a screen behind them. One, "Chromaphobia," was an outstanding film about a conflict between repressive little black characters whose weapons remove all color from the world. Eventually, they are undone by a harlequin who turns their fear of color against them by changing them to a multi-hued state rather than plain black, which causes them to freak out entirely.

The musical selections were not as happy. The Welsh songs that were already in the script were, of course, appropriate, but the remaining selections of Beatles

songs, etc., seemed merely out of place.

The actors, Judy Tigani, Connie White-scanner, Jerry Holste, Chet Kadlubowski, Greg Tigani, and Gene Bronstein, though young, read well, reproducing the voices of Thomas' villagers, varied in age and accent, with facility. The stage manager was Sandy Severance, the sound by Pat Nason, and film by Dave Nottingham. The production was directed by Janice Mazzaro, from the Creative Arts Workshop of Towson.

AVANT - GUARD

ART SCHEDULED

Its title is "Experience Art at Fells Point Gallery for All Over Baltimore." This refers to the avant-garde excitement which will emanate from the gutsy little gallery at the foot of Broadway all during

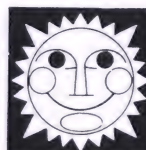
the month of February. What it is all about is this — there will be a series of happenings which will provide the community with an exposure to art in many forms. By a succession of multi-media productions, events will be portrayed combining music, plant and animal life, food, poetry, transportation, cinema, laser beams, electronics, photography, facts and artifacts, theater, dancing, and other varied experiences which should become spontaneously combustible.

The antics will begin with an airplaned adventure wherein an audio-visualized trip to a distant city will be experienced. Creations called "Peer," "Stono," "Shrouds," "Rock," "Tank" have been designed by Robert Harding who is the impresario of the entire happening. These will relate what is going on to what really is. The imaginations of the various participants in this presentation have tun riot over convention and tradition has been cast to the wind. Those who may feel that their tastes in art have been come jaded will be turned on by the "Death and Transfiguration of the Icebox" — a tragic drama based on the sad rejection of one of man's best loved robots; or, if music is their bag, the contrapuntal phylphony of the "Transistorized Marching Band" a group of 30 cats performing on their transistors with conductor and preorchestrated musical score should be a first in the musical world.

To those who have been forced to go elsewhere for this kind of creative activity, we can say, "Baltimore, Go Home!"

To those who have felt the need to pilgrimage to New York's Museum of Modern Art where the show, "Space," is currently wowing the public, one can say, burning with native pride, "Travel is a no-no when the Maryland Institute Alumni, "Experiences in Art" unfolds.

A schedule of events and programs of all daily presentations is available at the gallery, located at 811 South Broadway. Regular hours are Wednesday, Thursday: 11 to 3; Saturday: 12 to 4; Sunday: 2 to 5. Telephone: 675-6273. Public invited. Admission free.



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—Vincent Canby
N.Y. Times

Charles Chaplin
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ROCK

Winter Festival For Peace

by TEX

We were sitting there in Madison Square Garden waiting for the thing to start. The lights went out and the people lit up. A single beam of light split the darkness and a voice said, "Welcome to the Winter Festival For Peace. All the musicians you will see tonight are playing for peace. No money. All the proceeds go to the Vietnam Moratorium committee. To start the show, here is Mr. Harry Belafonte."

Belafonte sang some slow ballad-type peace songs and went over fair as an entertainer. His mediocre set was overcome by his hard political comment. "Some of my hip friends ask me why you don't see too many black faces in the peace movement. I'll tell you, just as I told them. The peace movement is aimed at stopping the war in Vietnam. Black people have another war to fight. That's the war for identity. But we do support the peace movement, because having to die in Vietnam is just as hard as having to die in a cotton field. We do support the peace movement. Peace."

While they were setting up the stage for Richie Havens, Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul, and Mary) wandered up to the microphone. "Hi! While they're moving the equipment around, I'd like you to sing a little song with me. 'Tell me why you're crying my son. Are you frightened like everyone?' It sounded impressive hearing 18,000 freaks and a couple of thousand semi-freaks trying to outsing the huge speaker system. 'All will be well when the day is done.'

Following Richie Havens and Mother Earth came The Voices of East Harlem. Twenty-eight ghetto youth appeared on stage dressed in blue-jeans and blue-jean jackets. One loosely jointed teenage girl slithered up to the microphone, said "This is for peace," and slithered back into the gang as they sang a dynamite arrangement of "For What It's Worth." The awakened audience took heed of the sound and his-

tened closely to "A Simple Song of Freedom" and "Let the Good Times Roll." Everyone war really getting into the heavy, yet truthful, soul these kids were putting out. When an 11-year-old boy sang "Run Shaker Life," freaks were drawn to the stage by the same magnetism a Mick Jagger or John Lennon would radiate. "Oh, hell, they're leaving, MORE!"

They were back with another chorus and were joined by Richie Havens.

By this time it was almost one o'clock, the time at which the concert was supposed to have ended, and half the groups hadn't played yet. The Rascals came out next, and were surprisingly good.

Judy Collins did a 45-minute set including "Chelsea Morning" and "Both Sides Now." She had a very impressive act, but it was slow and kids were starting to go to sleep.

"Without hesitation, Blood, Sweat, and Tears." "God bless the child that's got his own..." "Damn, B S & T sound as good or better on stage than they do in the studio."

Peter, Paul, and Mary did a short set and then came the act that everyone had been waiting for...Jimi. "Jimi Hendrix and his Roving Band of Gypsies." "We're just going to jam for about 20 minutes to warm up the guitars. This is Buddy Miles on drums and Billy Cox on bass." Ten minutes later Jimi leaned against the amps, slowly turned, and talked quietly to Buddy. Then he dropped his guitar on the floor and left the stage. "Jimi's not feeling too well. If we can get it together we'll be back in about 15 minutes." Hendrix never returned.

The last group on the program was the entire New York cast of *Hair*. They did "3500" and finished the night with a grand finale, "Let the Sunshine In." Kids, cops, and even custodians were dancing before the cast left the stage.

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Disonance: Chords & Dischords

By MICHAEL HUNT

People buying "bootleg" LP's: tape the records before you play them too often as the thin cheap layer of vinyl on them wears off after about 20 playings and noise replaces music and the bubble plastic can ruin your needle. The prices of these albums, it seems to me, defeat the purpose of bootlegging records anyway. LP's can be pressed for about 45 cents each

Rolling Stone claims that the Dylan-Krassner interview, (Harry*5) is a phoney. Couldda fooled me La-De-Da.

Records we want to hear dept. Yoko Ono "In Her Own Rite" or how about The Rolling Stones "Live! at Altamont"

The new "Beatles Again" LP is being boycotted in many retail stores since Capitol jacked the price up to 7 bucks for no apparent reason other than they think the Beatles will sell at any price. Well you can't milk me baby 'cause I'm gonna rip it off.

Hey Baltimore! Will you support a rock hall that sells you your music and then uses the bread for community services? If you want to see this happen or you want to help make it happen, write Harry and let us know. Especially if you can put some bread or materials or what not into it.

Rumor told us that the Grateful Dead were busted in New Orleans for possession. Thanks rumor, tell us more.

Art Peyton, of the Bluesette, organized what turned out to be a 12 hour benefit last Sunday for Harry with bands "Aux", "Ames Oaks", "Meat", and the "Calhoun" with others jamming netting Harry \$250.00 and making issue #7 a reality. Wow! Gee thanx, you guys, wanna see a candid photo of a smiling printer?

Bob Cadwalader says the police won't let him open the Red Dragon because the "Crack" (his other folkhouse) was a center for drug traffic and prostitution, which is a lot of bullshit, but "Reds" doesn't feel he can fight it.

A new Baltimore band called "Joshua" debuts at the Bluesette Saturday night. Go Dig Them.

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3³³
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GRAND FUNK Grand Funk Railroad

GRAND FUNK/GRAND FUNK RAILROAD: The second album by the hot new group. Includes Mr. Limousine Driver; Got This Thing On the Move; In Need; more.

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PLASTIC ONO BAND Live Peace in Toronto

PLASTIC ONO BAND/LIVE PEACE IN TORONTO: John and Yoko are joined by Eric Clapton on Blue Suede Shoes; Cold Turkey; Give Peace a Chance; Dizzy Miss Lizzy; more.

3⁹⁹
with
ad

PACKAG & REVIEW

by DAVE EBERHARDT

Already

Already I had been embarrassed walking out of the Acme with nothing. Finally in row 11 at Giant Foods I was able to get the violet of the 3 new Calgon boxes I had been lusting after. For some time I'd had the lemon and aqua, but I dreamt of the violet. On the front is a girl swathed in flowers — on the back a floral arrangement without the girl. The boxes are done with a metallic finish, like foil, and they simply gleam. What is astounding are the color variations, leaf by leaf, petal by petal. I will get into that later. The girl has a rope or twist of the clear, sharp blossoms around her hair.

The product Calgon is a soap that is meant to soften your bath water. You may have seen the ads for it on TV — a girl outdoors with oriental music, as I remember. The water I tested Calgon in seemed greasy, but others I've talked to agree it does make the water nicer. Perhaps this is the nice kind of distinction reserved for American women. The ad men sure play up their difference — special fragrances, lotions, etc.

I watch ads with intrigue, wondering how the business fools are going to catch up with us in the Revolution, or if they've already passed us. Product aside, I wonder if I can do without them.

Probably history will judge us by hte package rather than the product — as Poe is judged by his death. How many can remember one of his poems? It is the shell that stands — the piece of pottery they dig out of the ruin, the Calgon foil, the crumbly, pleasant smelling insides long since — like the flesh — dissolved.

This, gang, is capitalism. Dig how it only stabs at being relevant — at showing humanity, concern. Gloat over its failure. But ask yourself, can you do without the buying? Truly, how much do you like to consume? How much do you dote on products? How about your wife? How does she think about certain types of cloth — like quilt, madras, or burlap?



I lust for these THINGS... not just the wryly humorous things like the Volkswagen or the Screaming Yellow Zonker box. There's a box you should get and read. The Zonkers are a kind of popcorn, probably fattening and mildly addictive like the Crackerjacks you grew up on. The box is not as pretty as Calgon's, but it says alot. Let me quote for your pleasure from the boxside: *Authentic Sugar, Absolute Popcorn, Honest Corn Syrup, Vegetable Oil with Integrity, Legitimate Butter, and Real Salt...* a put on... then, plus all the ingredients America has been asking for: *Emulsifer (Lecithin), Antioxidant (BHA and BHT [not LSD]) and Beta Carotene*. The box is a kind of farce — fake, tinsel, a game, unreal unless maybe for target practice — like bullets will mash through police station windows (I could have said skulls. (This box is a real attempt to be hip. And Zonkers are good tasting — no kidding — the box reads, *The Greatest Zonker of Them All. A long, long time ago — before there were space ships or even plastic — people used to get hungry...* Believe me they still are — but not for Zonkers.

Or it reads, in further praise of capitalism, *How to Trick a Zonker: Buy him a couple of presents, praise his wisdom, and tell him that you have a diamond mine in your mouth...* Or it reads, blatantly dreaming of American overseas empire, *Now Zonkers offers you the chance to win the continent of your choice...* The box IS funny. Go out and BUY it!

The New York Times magazine on Sundays is a good place to check ads out. I revel in the 1st faint signs of schizophrenia as the ad men try to be human while they sell: A girl lies in her tub — she is using a certain type of bath oil she is relaxing. Relax, the ad reads, and enjoy the revolution. This may be the way the revolution turns out — all culture, no politics. A girl sits on a beach in the latest swim suit — the paperback she is reading stands out — it is *The Moral Ambiguity of America*, by Paul Goodman. O wow, are there ads for clothes worn by Panthers? There will be.

All of this is real serious — watch the brands on TV play back and forth with each other, counter or augment each others' claims. And I, I am seriously torn — should I be amused or horrified?

The most beautiful Calgon box is the violet one: The individual flowers vary from metallic purple to orange and yellow. There are shades of the purple. On the yellow box (they'd call it lemon) are flowers of a gold dust, of chartreuse, on the blue are flowers of a very blue violet, dark and light metal blue (not gun metal blue) and some delicate green tints.

You'd have to see it to believe it. And that means PURCHASE. I'm reminded of another HARRY review of a film and the comment: *at once so marvelous and so sordid*.

These boxes expose that moral ambiguity of America... plenty of money to make products, little for real art — plenty of moolah to make products of people, "beautiful people." It's so ghastly you feel like going out and ripping off a carton of cigarettes or smashing scab california grapes; you fight this advertising by not buying useless toiletries and giving to the movement, or you lay back and dig it in a pot haze — this beauty charged with death.

Up Front Anyone?

A basic encounter group is being offered during the weekend of February 13 — 15.

It is being conducted by David Besh, a caseworker for the Baltimore Department of Social Services. He has had graduate training in group work.

The format will begin with a series of non-verbal exercises, fantasy work, and structured verbal interactions eventually giving way to the unstructured "T-group" form.

What the participant can expect to derive from this experience is increased self-awareness, heightened sensitivity to others, and becoming more "in tune" to his total environment.

The role of the "facilitator-member" will be limited to providing an atmosphere of acceptance and warmth in which trust and intimacy can develop.

Although this experience can become intense at times, the objective is not to break down defenses or insist on exposure but to allow people to learn about how they are being perceived by others. Hopefully this will take place in a country setting.

Registration and orientation meeting will be on Tuesday, February 10, 1970 at 218 West Monument Street at 8pm. Fee will be \$15.00 for the weekend plus about \$5.00 for food and lodging.

Blood, Sweat, & Tears

Hi-Jinx Plane

The Associated Press reported from Las Vegas that when the Blood, Sweat and Tears rock music group climbed aboard a plane in St. Louis, the long-haired musicians caught the stewardess' eye.

She told the pilot that some hippie-looking men with guns and knives had just come aboard. He radioed the tower at the airfield here, and the tower notified authorities, sheriff's deputies said.

As the group disembarked and headed for an appearance here, deputies questioned them and learned:

The gun was filled with blanks. The knives were swords. And all the pseudo-weapons were props.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 5

FREE FOLK HOOT at Ball and Chain, 2120 Maryland Ave.
"Light" at Mardi Gras Supper Club, 6810 Hartford Rd.
"Good News" at Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Penna. LA5 - 3375

FRIDAY, FEB. 6

Washington National Symp., Arthur Fiedler, cond., at Lyric Theater 8:30pm
"Steve Askins" at Coffee Grounds, Rol and Ave. and Oakdale Dr. 8:30pm
"Bette White" at Seed of Discovery, 236 E. 25th St. 8:30pm
"Calhoun" at Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. 8:00pm
"Light" see Feb. 5
"Good News" see Feb. 5
FILMS - by Bartlett, Lipton, Nelson, Baillie, Jordan, van Meter, Spinello, at Md. Inst. Mt. Royal Sta. Aud. 8:00pm

SATURDAY, FEB. 7

"American Night" - Balt. Symp. Orch., Everett Lee, cond. at Lyric Thea. 8:30pm
MEETING - for all High School Girls. Woman's Liberation at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 235 - 1273 1:00pm Everyone invited
"Bette White" see Feb. 6
"Light" see Feb. 5
"Joshua" at Bluesette, see Feb. 6
"Good News" see Feb. 5
MEETING - FELLOWSHIP OF LIGHT at Central YMCA Room 200 8:00pm (Y'all come)
BENEFIT HOOT for Johns Hopkins tutoring program at Levering Hall 8:00pm

SUNDAY, FEB. 8

"Music from Marlboro" at Schriver Hall, Johns Hopkins - Homewood 8:30pm
BLUES JAM at Ball and Chain, see February 5
"Light" see Feb. 5
"Trumpets of the Lord" at Goucher College, 285 - 3300 ext.265

MONDAY, FEB. 9

Nothing ever happens in Baltimore

TUESDAY, FEB. 10

Peabody Conserv. Symp. Orch. at Peabody Concert Hall, Mueller, Cond. 8:30pm
CONCERT - "James Gilleran," Baritone, at Essex Community College 8:30pm

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 11

LECTURE - "Bishop Pike, Psychic Research, and Philosophy" by Dr. Mary C. Rose at Central Pratt Library, Central Hall, 12:30pm
CONCERT - Balt. Symp. Orch. at Morgan State College 8:30pm
Prize Winning Composers (Students of Grace Newsom Cushman) at Peabody Concert Hall 12:00pm
"Light" see Feb. 5

THURSDAY FEB. 12

"Jerry Jeff Walker" and "Paul Geremia" at Main Point, see Feb. 5
"Don Pasquale" by Donizetti, Balt. Civic Opera at Lyric theater 8:15pm

ELECTRONIC MUSIC CONCERT - students of Jean Eichelberger Ivey at Peabody North Hall 5:00pm
"Light" see Feb. 5

FRIDAY, FEB. 13

"Jerry Jeff Walker" and "Paul Geremia" at MainPoint, see Feb. 5
"Wisteria" at Coffee Grounds, see Feb. 6
"Michael Quitt" at Seed of Discovery, see Feb. 6
"Light" see Feb. 5

SATURDAY, FEB. 14

"Meat" at UMBC, Collage Coffee House 8:00pm
"1970 Chesapeake Cat Show" at Civic Center 10:00am to 8:00pm (pussy pickin' time?)
"Greg Kihn" at Ozymandian Ruins (JCC) 5700 Park Hts. Ave. 8:30pm
"Jerry Jeff Walker" and "Paul Geremia" at Main Point, see Feb. 5
"Crofton Trio" w/William Klang at Central Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud. 2:00pm
"Don Pasquale" by Donizetti, Balt. Civic Opera at Lyric Theater 8:15pm
"Vos Cantu Monemus" at Sanity Inn, 4711 Edmondson Ave. 8:00pm also, Laurel and Hardy flicks.
"Light" see Feb. 5

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15

"1970 Chesapeake Cat Show" see Feb. 14
"Jerry Jeff Walker" and "Paul Geremia" at Main Point, see Feb. 5
BLUES JAM at Ball and Chain, see Feb. 8

THEATER

Feb. 5, 6, 7
"Carniveri" by C. Richard Gillespie, at Corner Theater, 853 Howard St. 9:00pm

Feb. 12, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21, 26, 27, 28
"Death of a Child by Beating or Not" by Grace Cavalarie at Corner Theater, 853 N. Howard St. 9:00pm

Feb. 13, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 27, 28, Mar. 1
"Ubu Roi" by Alfred Jarry at Barn Theater, Johns Hopkins 8:30pm

Feb. 6 & 7
"The Cave Dwellers" by William Saroyan, at Vagabonds, Langsdale Library Theater, Univ. of Balt., Me. Ave. and Oliver St. 358 - 6337

To Feb. 21.
"The Tempest" by Shakespeare, at Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685 - 5020

EXHIBITION

Thru Feb.
Antique Baltimore Silver - Sterling Silver made in Baltimore in the 19th Century. Free adm. at Peale Museum 752 - 2000

Feb. 1 to 14

"Maryland Artists Today, III Exhibition Omega" at Essex Community College 682 - 6000

Feb. 1 to 14
"Various Things" Joel Ziskin art exhibit in the Eisenhower Library at Johns Hopkins Homewood, Free Adm.

continuing

Community Supper - Thurs. 6pm at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor. Bring food to share.

Womens Liberation Meeting - Thurs., 8pm. 3037 Guilford, 2921 St. Paul.

Seminar in non-violence - Wed. at Learning Action Center, 321 E. 25th St., 3rd floor, 6pm

Folk dancing - Thurs. at Johns Hopkins Levering Hall, 8pm \$75

occult

HEALING SERVICES - Mt. Washington Methodist Church, Smith Ave. and Falls Road. 10am Thursday.

BABAJI KRIYA YOGA - Yogi S.A.A. Ramaiah at 2912 N. Calvert St. 6:30 pm Fridays. Donations

A.R.E STUDY GROUPS - on Edgar Cayce; Mr. & Mrs. Ludwig 284-7078 Tues., Wed., Thurs., 7:30pm; Sun. 1pm

SPIRITUAL FRONTEIERS FELLOWSHIP Mr. Henry Hurt, 507 Park Ave., Towson - send for information.

HATHA YOGA - Etta Cohen, 486-2427. Daily by appointment.

SPIRITUALISM - Temple of Wisdom Church, 39th St. & Greenmount. Daily 7:30 pm.

ROSICRUCIAN A.M.O.R.C. - O'Donnell Lodge, 137 E. North Ave.

EUCHARIST - as presented by the Master Lord Christ, through the angel of the Presence. The Liberal Catholic Church (St. John the Divine) - 213 E. Mt. Royal Ave.

LECTURE MUSIC & DISCUSSION - "Bahai" at Aquarian Age Bookstore, 811 N. Charles St. 8pm Feb. 4.

LECTURE - "Transcendental Meditation as taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi." by Bob Cranston at Md. Institute, Mt. Royal Station auditorium. Thurs. Feb. 5 & 12 at 8pm.

LECTURE - "Man in the Light as Esoteric Science" by Emily B. Sellon, at Theosophical Society, 525 N. Charles. Sunday Feb. 8:30pm.

MA BELL

Right-A-Wrong	444 - 4591
Cold Duck	944 - 8066
Dial-A-Fascist	821 - 7171
Crisis center	539 - 5303
ACLU	685 - 5195
Legal Aid Bureau	539 - 5340
	675 - 5218
	669 - 5695

City Health Clinics	
Eastern District	732 - 7110
Western District	837 - 2710
Curtis Bay	355 - 1338
Druid District	728 - 0600
Southeastern District	324 - 5200
Southern District	727 - 3471
People's Action Center	889 - 0065

Friends Service Committee	
Draft counselling	366 - 7200
Baltimore Transit	539 - 5000
Police Emergency	222 - 3333
Fire	685 - 1313
Fire Ambulance	685 - 2440
Coast Guard Rescue	789 - 1600
Planned Parenthood	732 - 3550
GOD	944 - 2540
Learning Action Center	235 - 1273
HARRY	243 - 2150
Black Panther Party	342 - 8536
Youth Intrest Program	366 - 7188

Panhandlers,
Flower Children



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